

Calling All GIRLS

The Modern Magazine
for Girls and Sub-Debs

June 1942

★ No. 7

10¢

COMICS
STORIES
features
Movies
FASHIONS
Good
Looks
Junior
Housekeeping
Gadgets
Etiquette
THINGS TO DO
PRIZE
CONTESTS



JACKIE HORNER

The rising young movie star and pianist who played Jeanette MacDonald's part as a girl in the movie, "Smilin' Through," and who should be watched for future successes.



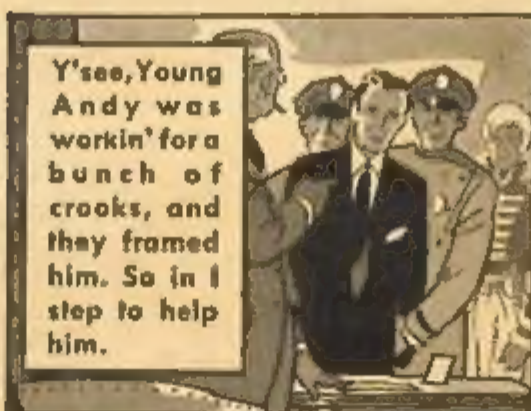
REMARKABLE? BY THUNDERATION...

IM AMAZIN'!

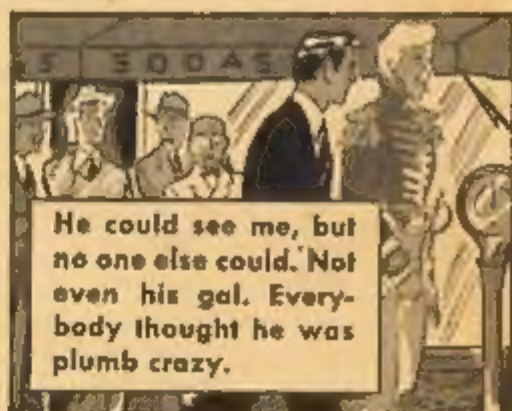
The Most Remarkable Movie of the Year... Andy Jackson's Adventures when he comes to life in 1942!



There ain't many men could step across a hundred years to help a young feller and his gal out of a mess o' trouble. But I liked 'em... and I love a good fight...



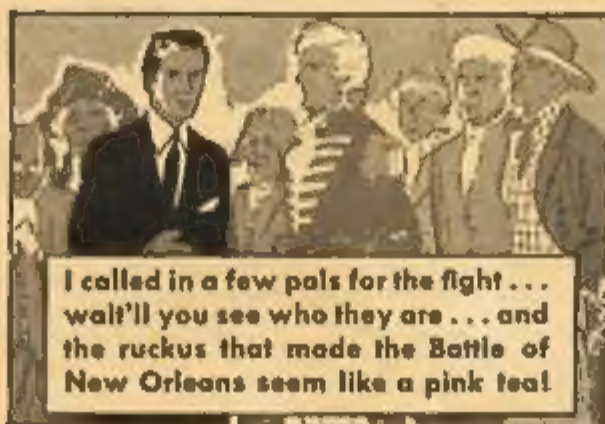
Y'see, Young Andy was workin' for a bunch of crooks, and they framed him. So in I step to help him.



He could see me, but no one else could. Not even his gal. Everybody thought he was plumb crazy.



... and durned if they don't stick poor Andy in the town jail! Then I went into action!



I called in a few pals for the fight... wait'll you see who they are... and the ruckus that made the Battle of New Orleans seem like a pink tea!



You'll see how we licked the rascals when you see us in "The REMARKABLE ANDREW"

THE REMARKABLE ANDREW

The side-splitting, thrilling adventures of Andrew Jackson in a modern world...

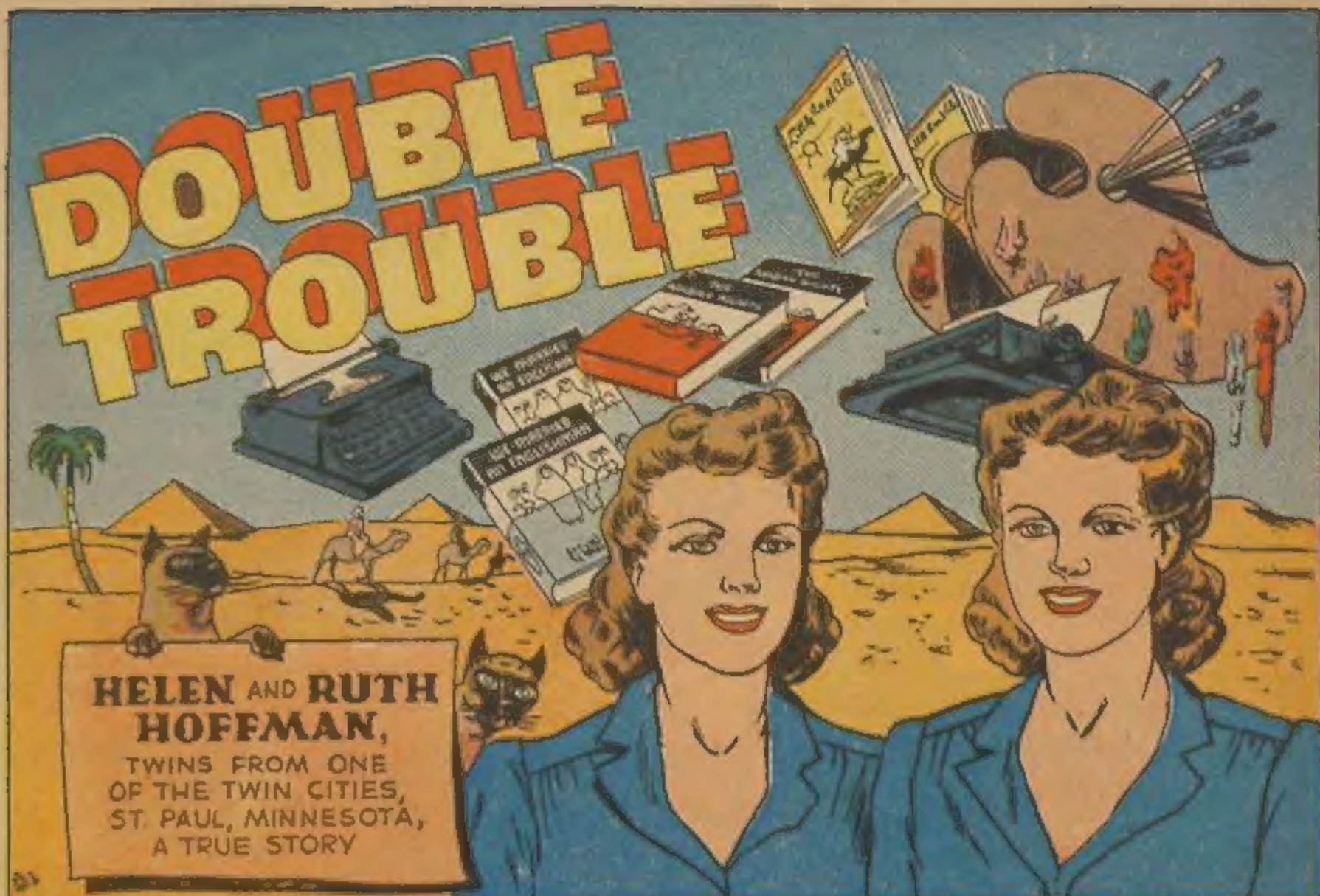
BRIAN DONLEVY • WILLIAM HOLDEN • ELLEN DREW • MONTAGU LOVE PORTER HALL

Directed by STUART HEISLER • Novel and Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • A Paramount Picture

Coming!
"REAP THE WILD WIND"
Cecil B. De Mille's Greatest
Triumph... in Technicolor.

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON!

CALLING ALL GIRLS, June 1942, No. 7. Published monthly by The Parents' Magazine Press, Division of The Parents' Institute, Inc. Publication office: 4600 Diversy Ave., Chicago, Ill. Executive and Editorial offices: 67 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. \$1.00 a year. In Canada, \$1.25. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1942 by The Parents' Institute, Inc. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Canadian copies entered as Second Class mail at Toronto, Canada. Entered as Second Class matter Jan. 27, 1942 at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879.





THEY MET THE ENGLISHMAN!

WE MUST BE REACHING CAIRO.

NOT QUITE. PERHAPS I CAN
HELP YOU WITH ALL
THIS BAGGAGE
WHEN WE GET
THERE. I HAVE
A CAR.

YOU ARE CERTAINLY SHOWING US A
WONDERFUL TIME IN CAIRO, MR. BROOKS.

WE'VE HAD
MORE FUN SINCE
WE MET YOU THAN
ALL THE OTHER
MONTHS IN
EUROPE!

I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH
ONE I LIKE BEST.

RUTH DECIDED
FOR HIM!

WHO'S GOING TO RIDE
IN FRONT WITH ME?

I WILL. HELEN ALWAYS
RIDES IN FRONT AT
HOME WITH HER
FIANCEE.

OF ALL THINGS!
SHE KNOWS I
HAVEN'T EVEN
A BOY FRIEND!

DOUGLAS HAS
ASKED ME TO
MARRY HIM, HELEN.

I HAVEN'T YET SAID YES—
AND WE HAVE TO GO
HOME SOON.

SHALL WE
GO ON TO
GREECE AND
TURKEY
FIRST AS
WE PLANNED?

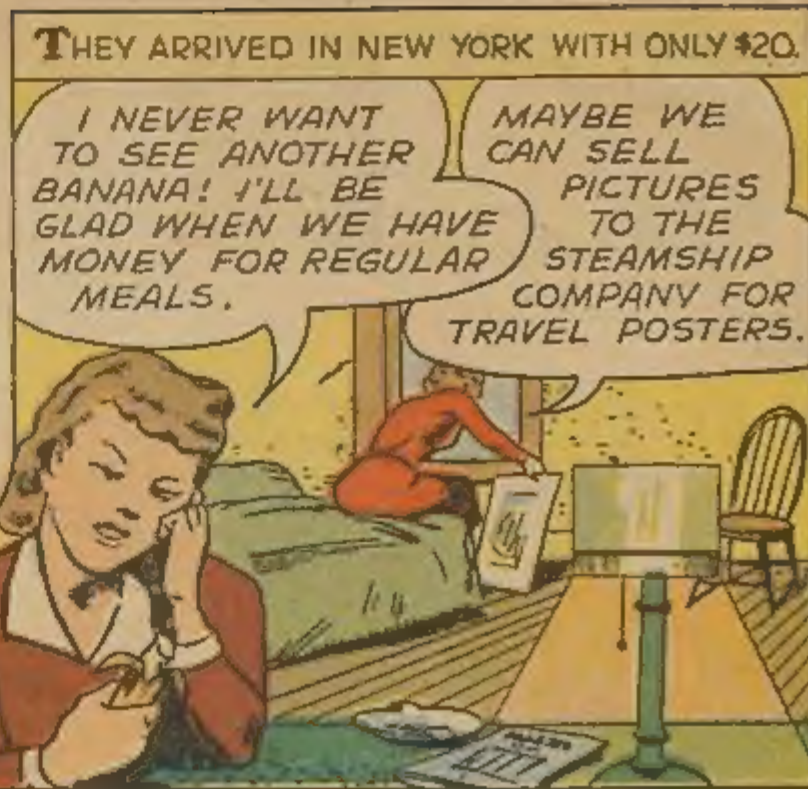
I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM
DOUGLAS IN MONTHS. I
HOPE HE WRITES BEFORE
WE SAIL.

I WISH WE HAD ENOUGH
MONEY TO STAY HERE.



DOUGLAS HAS CABLED THAT HE'S COMING TO VIENNA TUESDAY. THAT'S TODAY!

... AND HERE I AM TO SEE YOU OFF.



THEY ARRIVED IN NEW YORK WITH ONLY \$20.

I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER BANANA! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE HAVE MONEY FOR REGULAR MEALS.

MAYBE WE CAN SELL PICTURES TO THE STEAMSHIP COMPANY FOR TRAVEL POSTERS.



EVERY TIME THEY SAVED ENOUGH MONEY, THEY WENT TO EUROPE.

RUTH, I SOLD THE TICKETS THE COMPANY PAID US FOR THE PICTURES!

MAYBE WE CAN GO BACK ON THE NEXT PICTURES.



I'VE CABLED DOUGLAS THAT I WILL MARRY HIM. WE'LL ALL LIVE IN IRAQ.

IT'S ABOUT TIME—FIVE YEARS SINCE HE FIRST PROPOSED!



YOU WON'T LIKE IRAQ. IT'S 120° IN THE SHADE.

SHEIKS AREN'T AS EXCITING AS THEY'RE CRACKED UP TO BE.



HERE WE ARE, DOUGLAS.

LET'S GO RIGHT ON HOME. IS ALL THAT YOUR STUFF?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

CAR CRAZY

"BE A SPORT, Chike, and let me drive as far as the highway." Patsy Ware had one foot on the left running board, and her hands tingled in expectation. "There's not man or mouse around to see."

"Don't try to wheedle me, woman. I'm a law-abiding citizen." Chike grinned at her from under his sombrero. "You're riding in this jalopy on a strictly passenger basis. Maybe when you're grown up . . ."

"Stop it!" Patsy shouted. "If anybody says that to me again, I'll . . ."

"Sorry, Pat. I was only joking." Chike's voice was kind now, and that made things even worse. "But you know there's a law against driving without a license—on back country roads just the same as on highways."

Patsy climbed in and scooped as far away from the wheel as possible.

"Laws are made by a bunch of silly old duck-billed dillies," she said fiercely. "What difference does it make how old I am as long as I can handle a car? I can drive as well as you can, Charles Dexter, and save gas and tires, too."

Chike grinned again. With a roar his ancient roadster sped past the corral and out of the ranch house gate. Dust filled the cool Colorado air behind them, while in front white-topped mountains rose steeply from the plain.

"Bet you can't see hills like that back East," Chike said.

"Of course not!" Patsy snapped. But back East was her cousins' big farm with miles and miles of private pasture roads where you could drive the feed truck and even the tractor without a license. Why on earth had she ever thought she wanted to come with Dad



The man acted as if he owned the place. At the same time his manner wasn't easy

Patsy drove straight into an exciting adventure when she went in for forbidden automobile driving—but for a good cause

By MARY ELTING

on a fishing trip to the Rockies? For an instant Patsy had to be fair and admit that up to yesterday the Dexter ranch was all right. But then the wave of her misfortunes swept over her again—the black horse she rode gone lame; all the other horses in use; Dad with a sprained ankle that took him forty miles to see a doctor, so that fishing was out. And now Chike Dexter! He was smug because he

was the least bit older than she and could boss her around.

"You can drop me at the corner," she said stiffly.

"What? I thought you were in a hurry to get to town."

"Is there also a law against changing your mind?" she demanded. "I want to get some minnows at the Herera place. You can pick me up on your way back this afternoon."

"Maybe a bucket of bait will

change my luck," she thought as she walked down the twisting lane. "Maybe if I do get minnows, Dad's foot will be well enough to go fishing tomorrow."

The Herera place was unlike any other in the valley—a magic patch of deep rich green in the midst of surrounding sagebrush, it was watered by warm springs that bubbled out of the earth at the foot of a little hill. The house, flat-roofed and built of adobe bricks in Spanish style, stood at the top of the rise in a grove of lovely willow trees. The whole effect was different from anything in the Rockies, and it gave Patsy a romantic feeling every time she came.

As she climbed the rather sharp hill, she saw a slick-looking convertible parked in front of the house. Patsy winced. It was simply disgusting to be so crazy about something you couldn't have. She turned her head away to avoid seeing how beautiful the car was and dashed round the corner. Then she stopped short.

In the hammock between two tall willows lay a strange man. Something about the way he looked at her gave Patsy a start—as if he had a secret and evil grudge against her. He was big—almost too big for the hammock—but not fat.

"What do you want, young lady?" he asked in a kind of sneer without changing his position in the hammock.

"I want to see Mrs. Herera."

"She'll be out in a minute. She's fixing me some iced tea."

The man acted as if he owned the place. At the same time his manner wasn't easy. His voice, his cold eyes seemed oddly on the alert. Not jumpy exactly, but rather as if he'd smack down anything that got in his way. Patsy felt curiosity rising in her like a bubble through mud. Life was suddenly interesting again.

"That your car out front?" she asked.

"It certainly is!" He jerked his head up as if a spring had been touched, then lay slowly back, scowling at Patsy all the

time. "Why do you ask?"

"It's just a swell car, that's all." His tone was annoying, but she decided to be civil. "I guess I have cars on my mind because I'm going to be running an ambulance one of these days. Maybe even a jeep. But Dad and the law won't let me drive yet."

"The law's a good thing in its way," the man drawled in a nasty, sarcastic voice. Then sharply, "Where did you drop from?"

"I didn't drop. I rode to the corner with Chike. And he'd better wait for me to ride back, too," she added half to herself.

Just then Patsy got her second surprise. Mrs. Herera came up behind the hammock, a glass in her hand.

"Buenas dias, Señorita Patsy. You weesh some trout, no?"

"Ye-ah," Patsy an-

"Your tea, señor. You excuse me now? It take a leetle time to catch the señorita her feesh."

"Okay. Run along and catch your feesh," the man said in a mocking but less irritated voice. "I'll take a nap."

Patsy followed Mrs. Herera into the house. She was ready to burst with questions and indignation, but she could wait till they reached the fish pools. Today she hardly noticed the things she always enjoyed looking at when she came here—the heavy Navajo rugs with their odd designs, the Mexican chairs made of soft pig-



Patsy gave Mrs. Herera a hug of excitement. She had a plan she knew would work

swered in a weak voice.

The startling thing was that Mrs. Herera didn't talk like that in real life. She talked perfectly good straight English without any accent. And why shouldn't she? She'd never spoken anything else.

As the man looked up Mrs. Herera handed him the glass.

skin stretched over barrel-like frames, the strings of red pepper and corn.

At last they were at the foot of the stone steps that led from the house to the garden

"Sit down, Patsy," said Mrs. Herera in her normal manner. "You must not think I'm crazy."

"Well, no, but what's up?"

"You know José went up the river to the government fish hatchery yesterday and so he won't be back till tomorrow. Well, about an hour ago this man drove up. He looked and acted so queer that I didn't even want to let him in but I was afraid he would do something violent if I refused. He has a very strange and cruel way about him."

"But what did he want?"

"He said he was a tourist looking for a place to rest and this ranch appealed to him. He offered me ten dollars a day for room and board. Imagine!"

"Well, people do pay that much at hotels, and this really is a swell quiet place."

"Wait till you hear the rest."

"Say," Patsy interrupted, "what made you talk that funny way?"

"Hush! Not so loud. When I

didn't answer him at first, he called me a 'dumb Mexican.' That made me so mad I just pretended to talk broken English till I could figure out more about him." Mrs. Herera's black eyes flashed with anger. Patsy couldn't imagine how anybody would think her dumb.

"When he came in, he saw the radio and asked if it worked. I told him no. Of course, it was a lie, but I was still mad. He didn't even try the dial—just said something nasty about people who were too ignorant to be civilized.

"After he went out there to the hammock, I tuned in the news very softly. Patsy, I think he is the man they told about on the radio who escaped when the government was rounding up a ring of spies in Kansas City. The announcer said he

was very big and clever. He's the worst one in the bunch."

Patsy gasped. "And we've caught him! Swell!"

"Not so fast." Mrs. Herera smiled a little. "Have we caught him? I'm sure he intends to stay only long enough to sleep a little and eat his trout. Then he'll head on up into the mountains or across the pass. We must do something quickly."

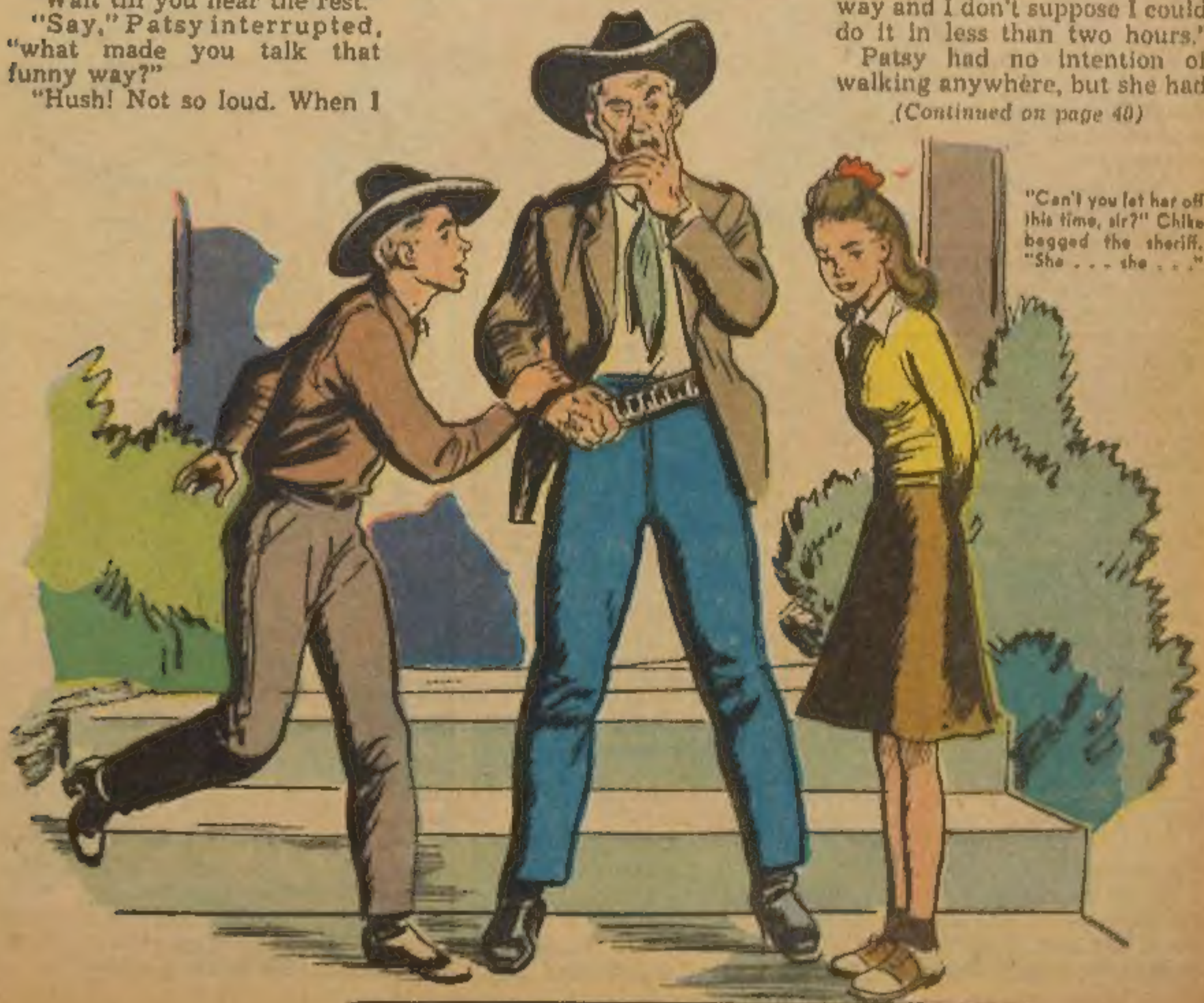
"But why don't you telephone the sheriff in Del Norte?"

"Just before he came the telephone stopped working. I tried to call and ask if Chike could bring our mail from town."

"Mmm. I bet he cut the wires." Patsy sat perfectly still for half a minute. "Well, I could walk back to the ranch and telephone, or I could walk to town. It's ten miles either way and I don't suppose I could do it in less than two hours."

Patsy had no intention of walking anywhere, but she had

(Continued on page 40)

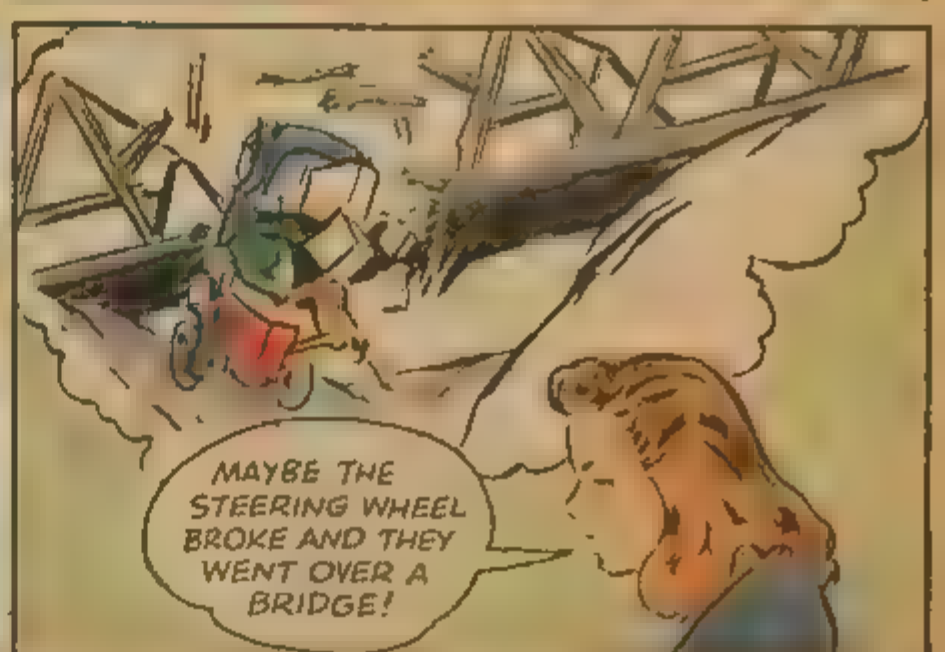
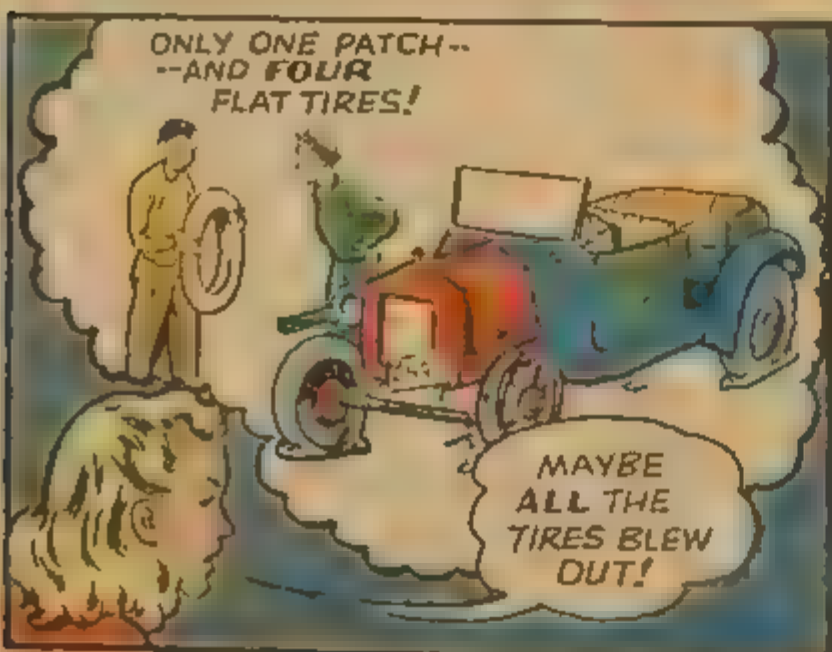
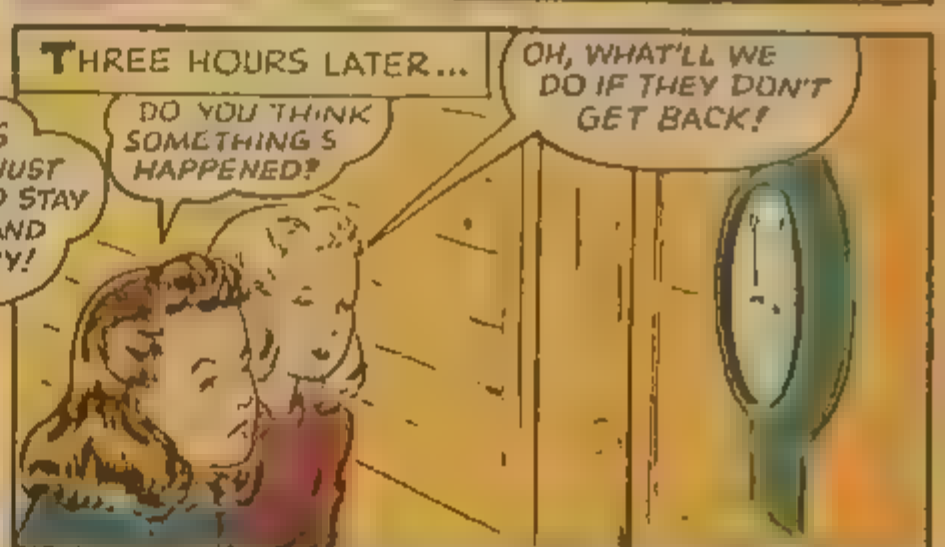
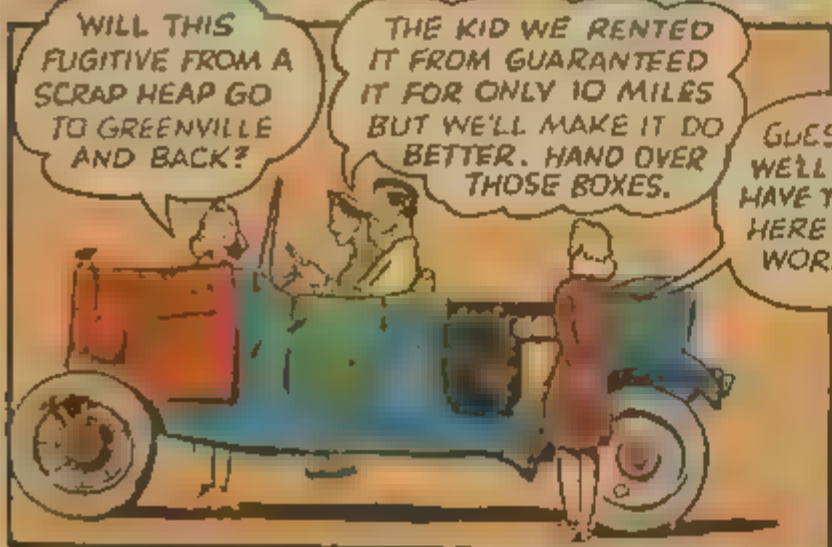
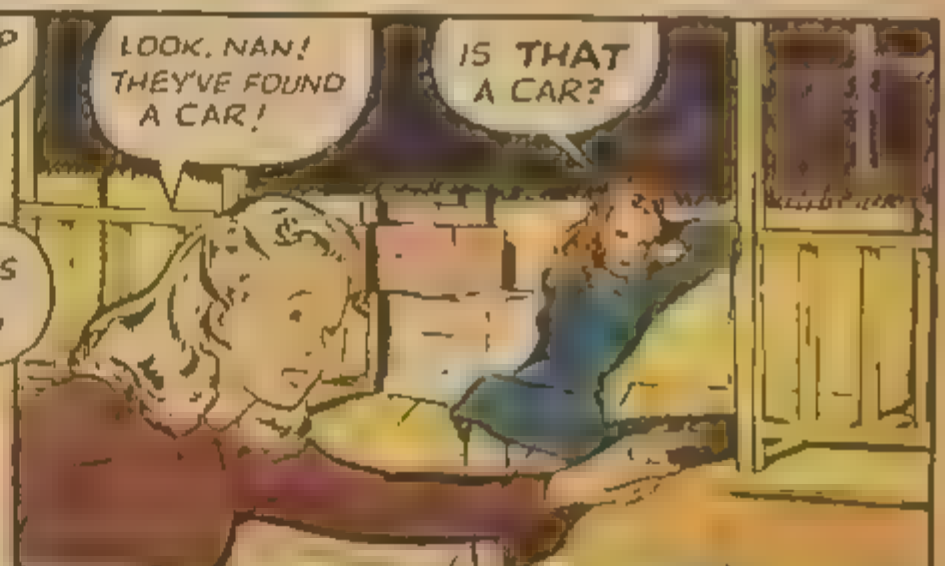
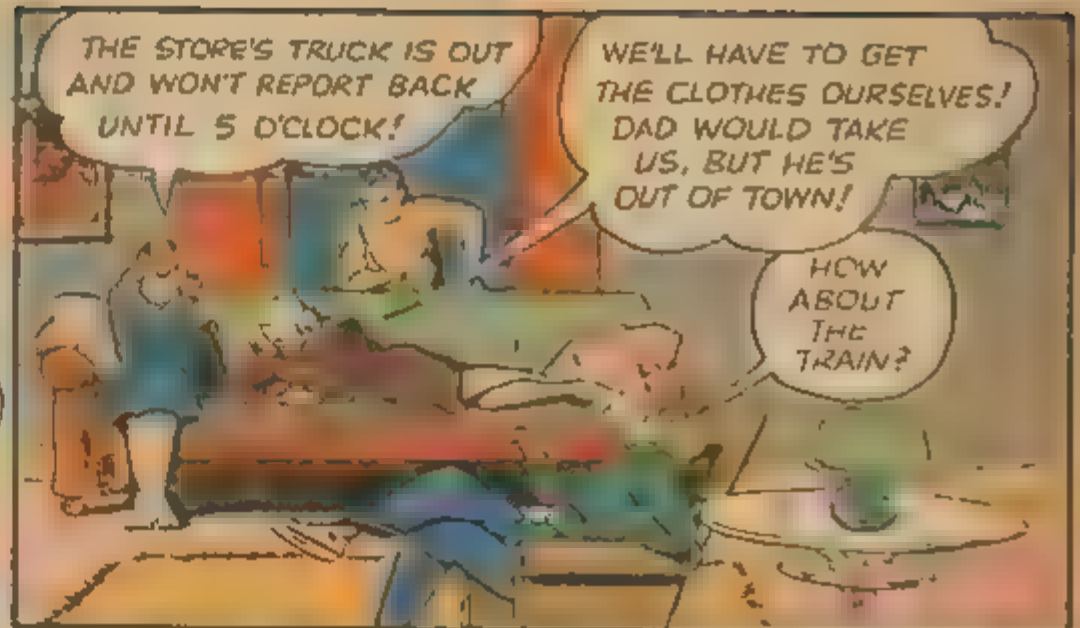
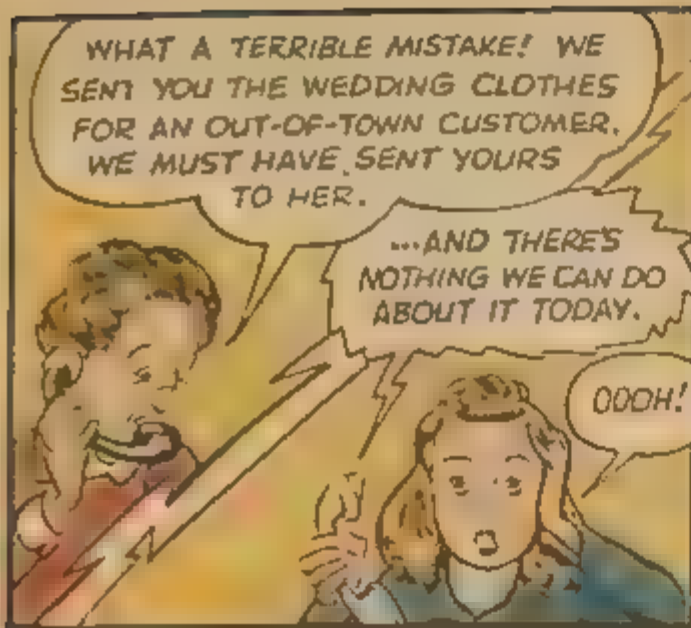


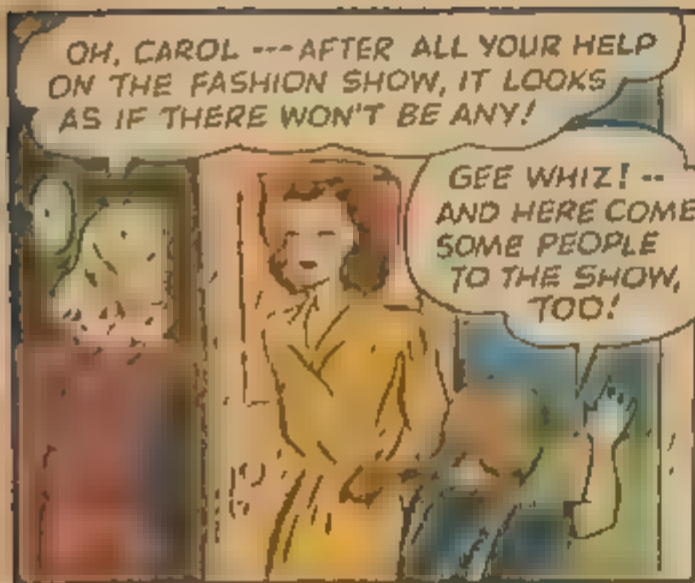
"Can't you let her off this time, sir?" Chike begged the sheriff. "She . . . she . . ."

The Yorktown Younger Set...

FASHION SHOW

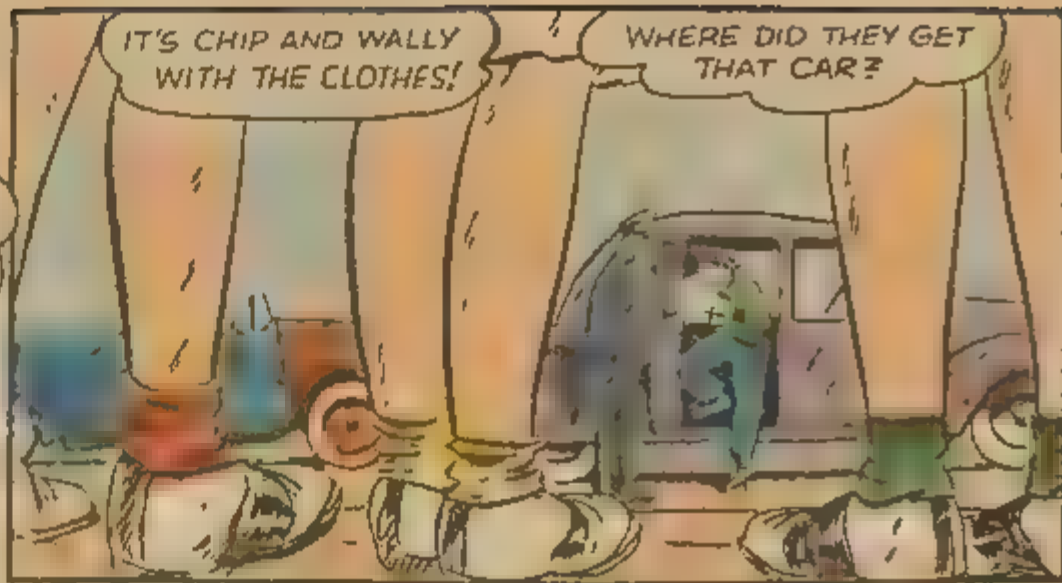






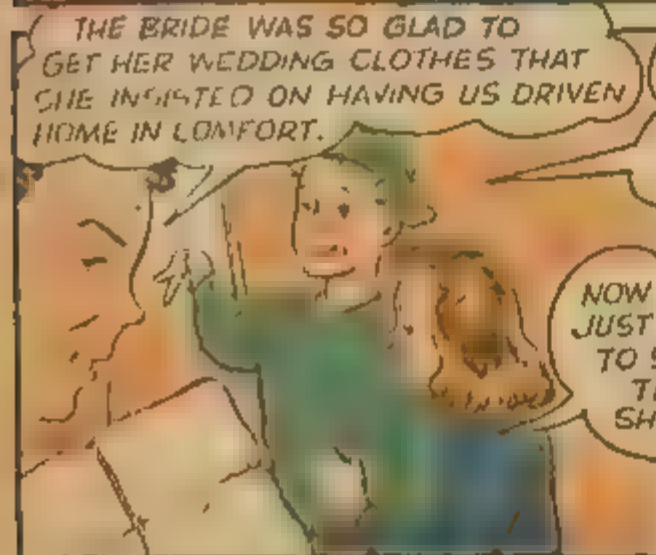
OH, CAROL --- AFTER ALL YOUR HELP ON THE FASHION SHOW, IT LOOKS AS IF THERE WON'T BE ANY!

GEE WHIZ! -- AND HERE COME SOME PEOPLE TO THE SHOW, TOO!



IT'S CHIP AND WALLY WITH THE CLOTHES!

WHERE DID THEY GET THAT CAR?



THE BRIDE WAS SO GLAD TO GET HER WEDDING CLOTHES THAT SHE INSISTED ON HAVING US DRIVEN HOME IN COMFORT.

ESPECIALLY SINCE ELIZA HERE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP THE GHOST!

AND THE SHOW GOES ON!

THERE HAS BEEN A SLIGHT DELAY, BUT THE SHOW WILL NOW BEGIN.

NOW YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE SHOW

FASHIONS DESIGNED BY.

1 WILBURTA CARTWRIGHT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

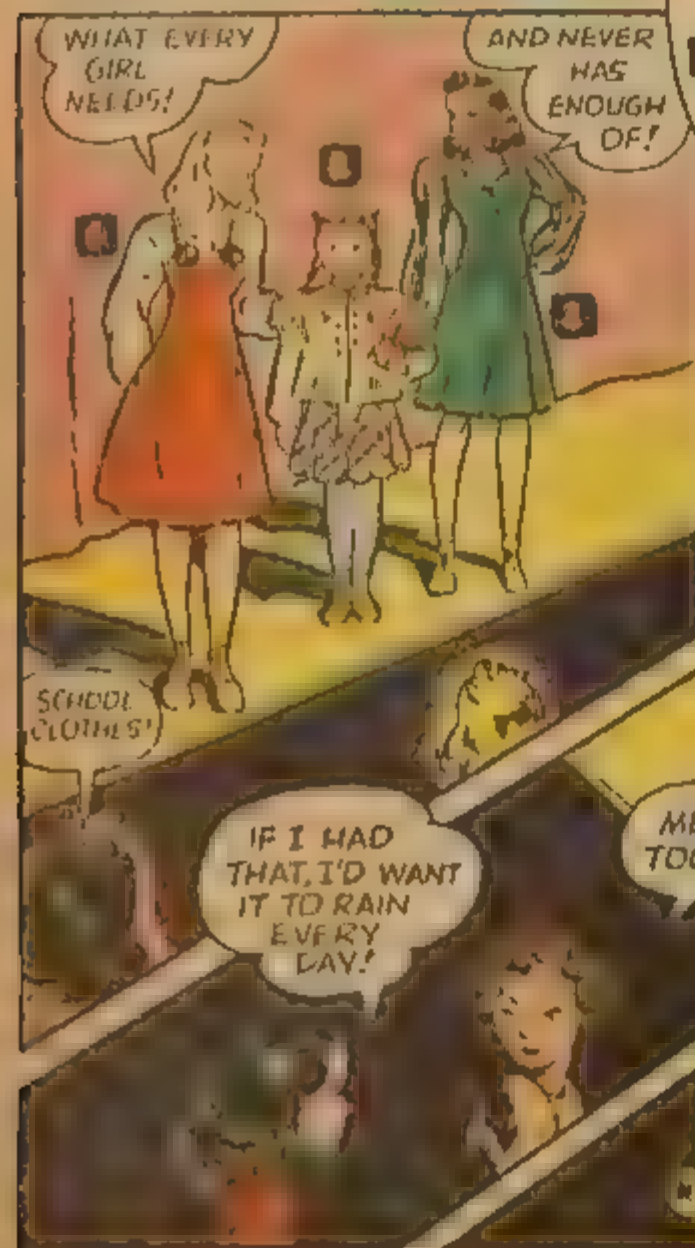
2 MARY CRAIG, PROVIDENCE, R.I.

3 DOROTHY WILSON, SEATTLE, WASH

4 ANNE VICKERS, BALTIMORE, MD.

5 MARY CONNORS, WILLIMANSETT, MASS.

6 SUZANNE SCHWARTZ, BRONX, N.Y.



WHAT EVERY GIRL NEEDS!

AND NEVER HAS ENOUGH OF!

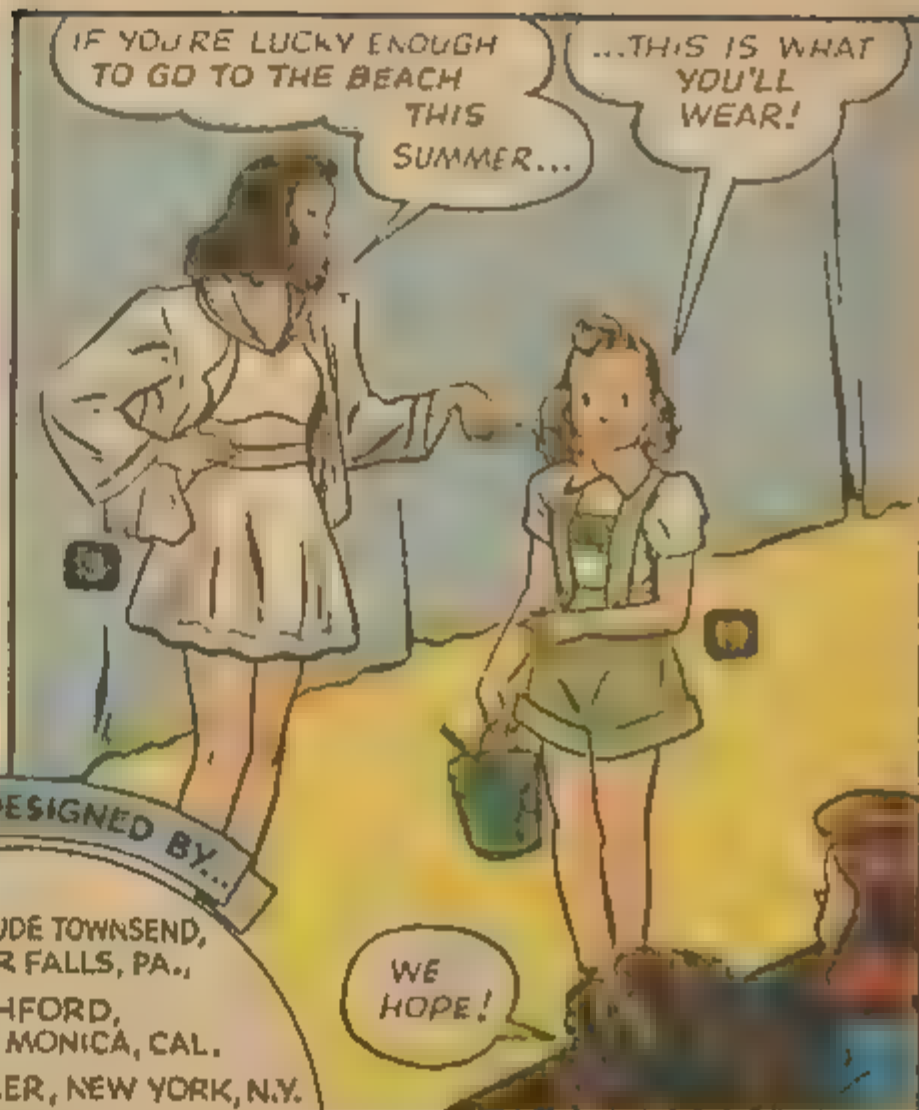
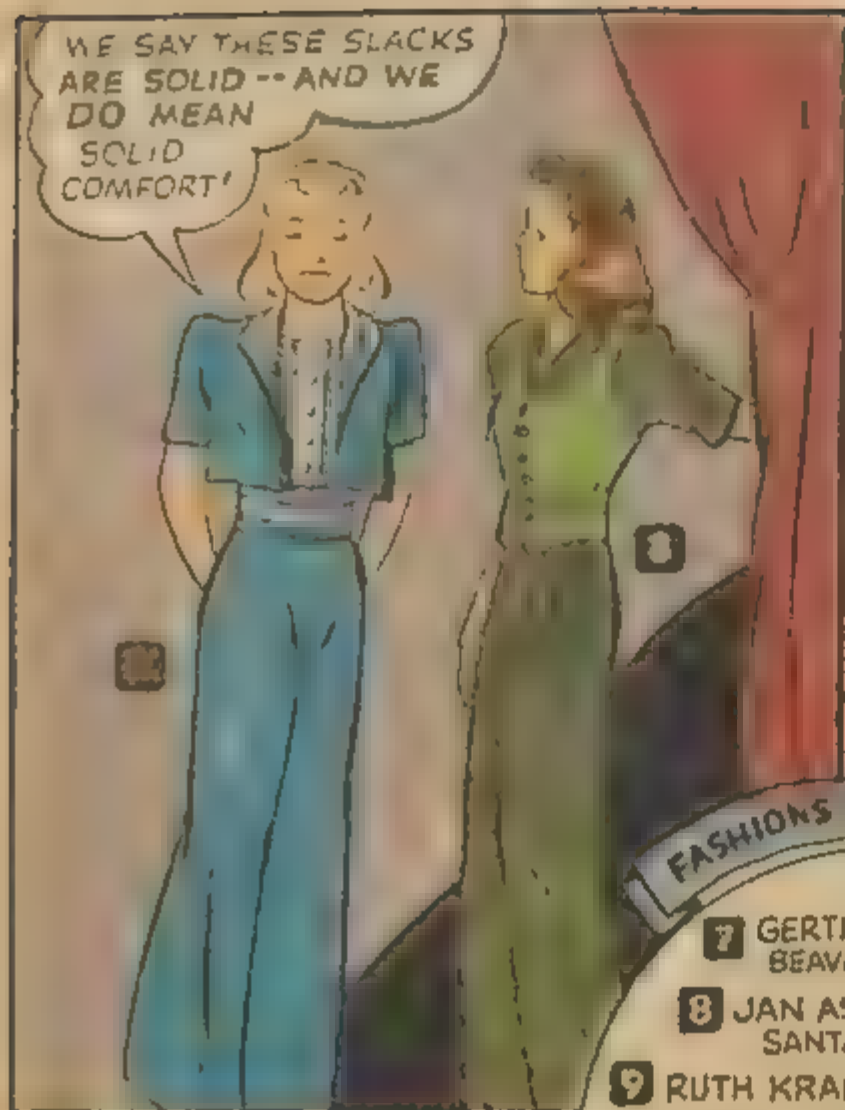
SCHOOL CLOTHES!

IF I HAD THAT, I'D WANT IT TO RAIN EVERY DAY!

ME, TOO!

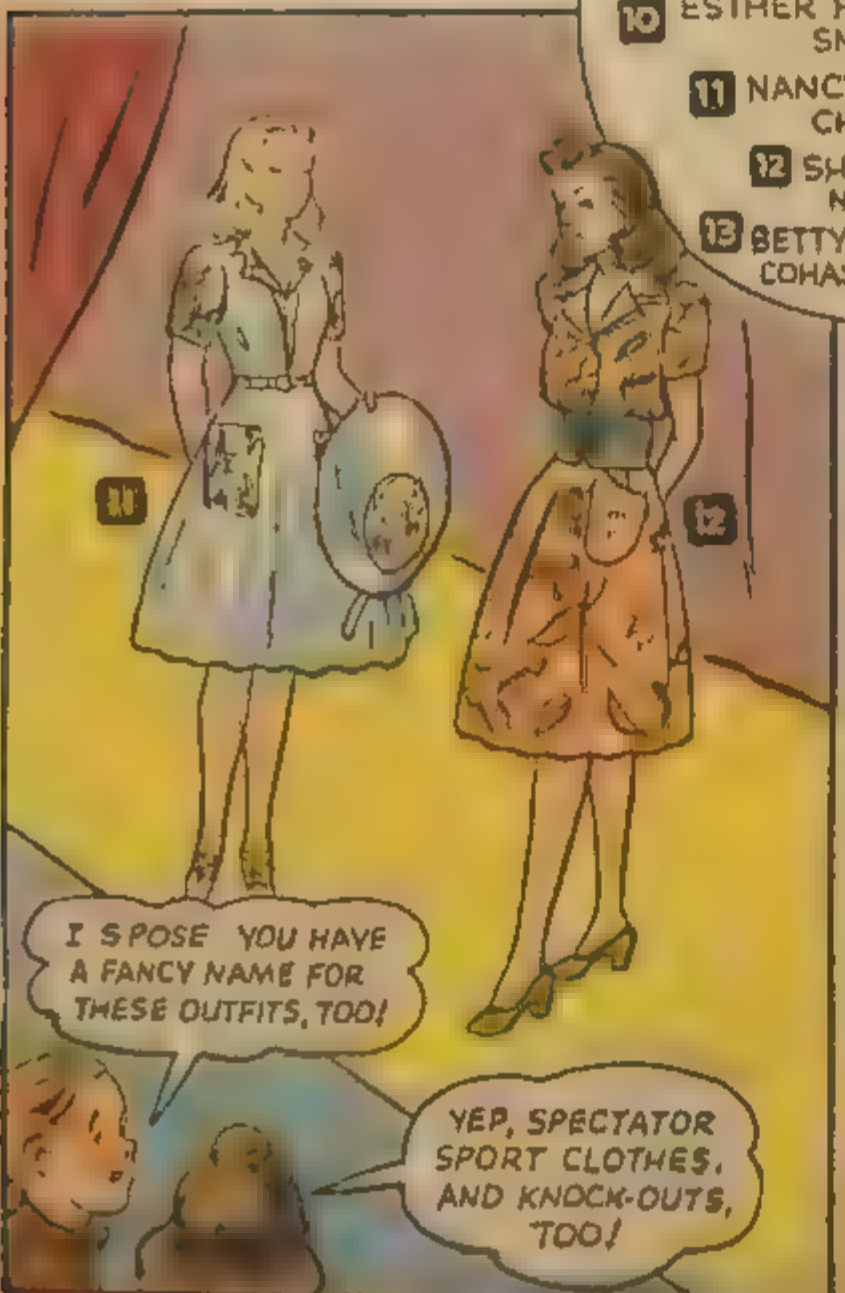


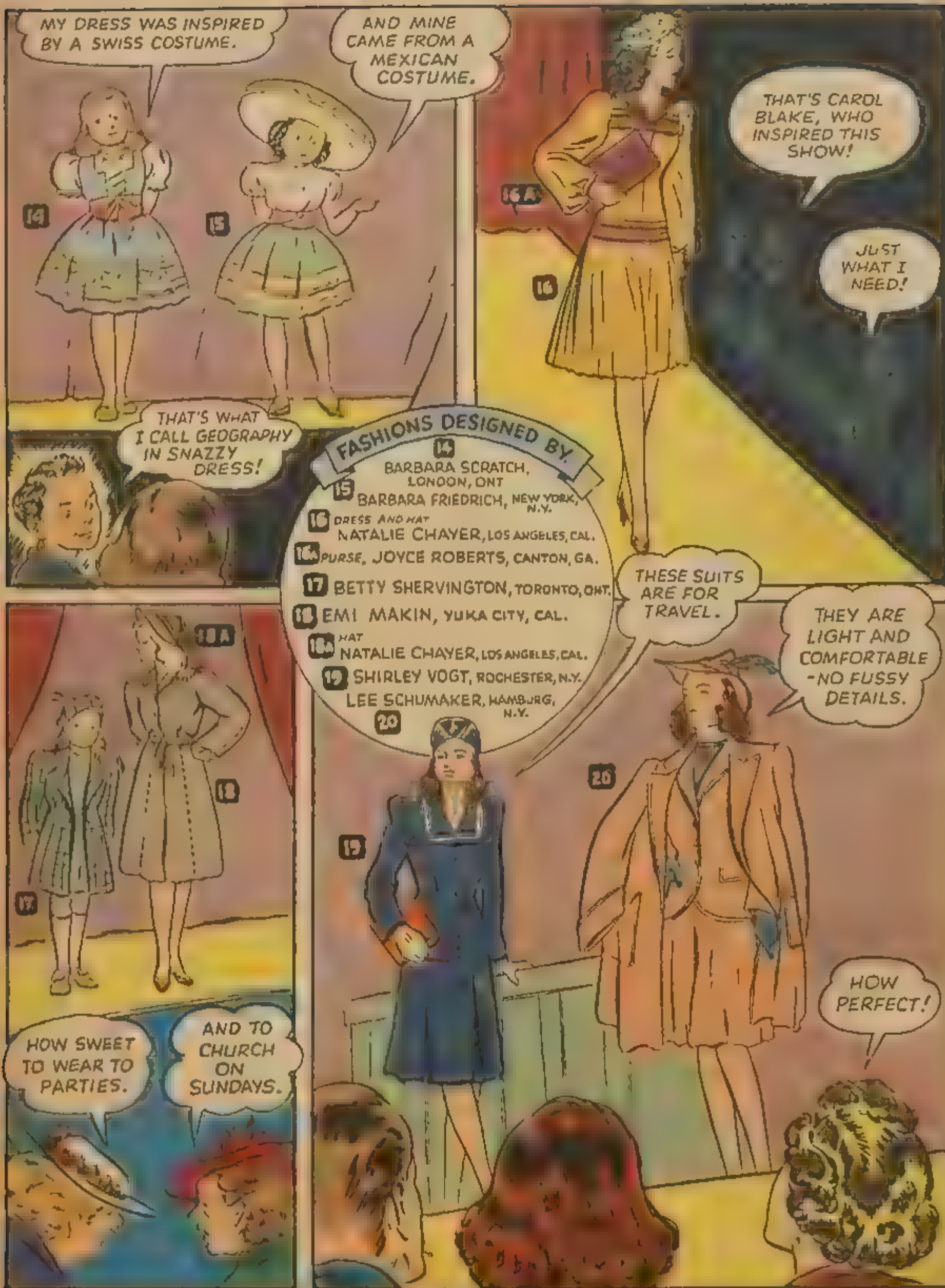
WHAT A DEE-VINE TENNIS DRESS! AND THAT PLAY SUIT! -- YUM!



FASHIONS DESIGNED BY...

- 7 GERTRUDE TOWNSEND, BEAVER FALLS, PA.,
- 8 JAN ASHFORD, SANTA MONICA, CAL.
- 9 RUTH KRAMER, NEW YORK, N.Y.
- 10 ESTHER HARRIS, SNOW HILL, MD.
- 11 NANCY ZIMMERMAN CHICAGO, ILL.
- 12 SHIRLEY BANKS, NEW YORK, N.Y.
- 13 BETTY JANE EMERY, COHASSET, MASS.





MY DRESS WAS INSPIRED BY A SWISS COSTUME.

AND MINE CAME FROM A MEXICAN COSTUME.

THAT'S CAROL BLAKE, WHO INSPIRED THIS SHOW!

JUST WHAT I NEED!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL GEOGRAPHY IN SNAZZY DRESS!

FASHIONS DESIGNED BY

- 14 BARBARA SCRATCH, LONDON, ONT
- 15 BARBARA FRIEDRICH, NEW YORK, N.Y.
- 16 DRESS AND HAT NATALIE CHAYER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.
- 16A PURSE, JOYCE ROBERTS, CANTON, GA.
- 17 BETTY SHERVINGTON, TORONTO, ONT.
- 18 EMI MAKIN, YUKA CITY, CAL.
- 18A HAT NATALIE CHAYER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.
- 19 SHIRLEY VOGT, ROCHESTER, N.Y.
- 20 LEE SCHUMAKER, HAMBURG, N.Y.

THESE SUITS ARE FOR TRAVEL.

THEY ARE LIGHT AND COMFORTABLE - NO FUSSY DETAILS.

HOW SWEET TO WEAR TO PARTIES.

AND TO CHURCH ON SUNDAYS.

HOW PERFECT!



THOSE WRAPS
WE BOYS
HAVE TO CARRY
AROUND FOR
YOU.

SOURPUSS!-BUT
YOU MUST ADMIT
THEY'RE LOVELY.

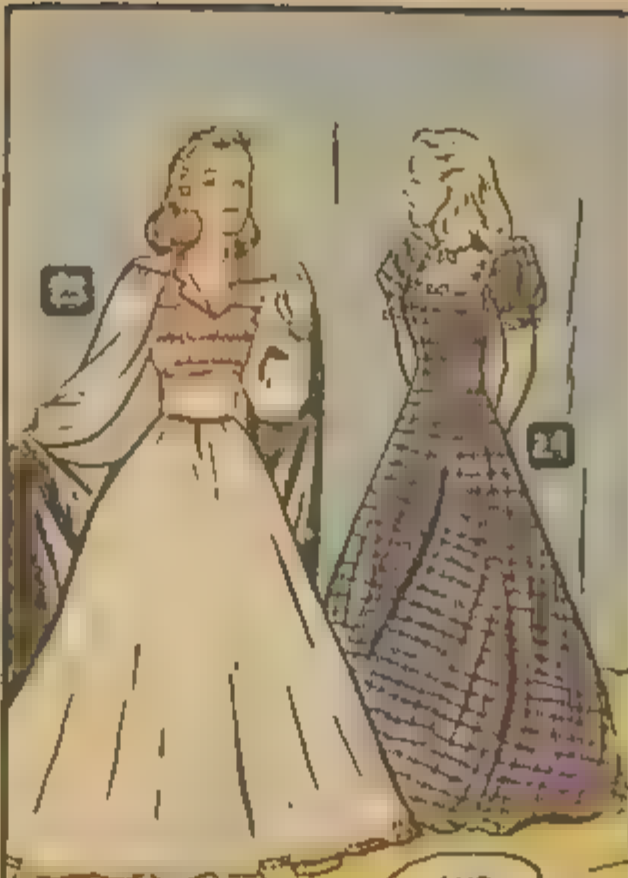
FASHIONS DESIGNED BY

21 SELMA TARANTOUR,
OTTAWA, ONT.

22 ELEANOR SHERRY,
FALL RIVER, MASS.

23 MARGARET
McGLASHAN,
FENWICK, ONT.

24 HELENKA BARTUNEK,
CEDAR RAPIDS,
IOWA.



BOY! THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
PROM
SCENERY!

AND
YOU'RE THE
BOY WHO
WASN'T
INTERESTED
IN FASHIONS!

THANK YOU! WE'RE
GLAD YOU LIKED
OUR SHOW!

PLEASE BE SURE TO READ
THE ANNOUNCEMENTS
THE BOYS ARE
HANDING OUT!

MORE PRIZES! ANOTHER FASHION DESIGN CONTEST!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO DESIGN THE CLOTHES YOU'D LIKE TO
WEAR NEXT FALL AND TO SEE THEM WORN BY THE YORKTOWN
YOUNGER SET GIRLS FOR EACH ONE USED \$1.00 WILL BE
PAID SEND ANY NUMBER OF THESE BACK-TO-SCHOOL FASHIONS

SCHOOL COAT
SWEATER AND SKIRT OUTFIT
SCHOOL DRESS
SCHOOL BLOUSE

JACKET AND SKIRT
RAINY DAY OUTFIT
DATE' DRESS
"GOOD COAT AND HAT

WINTER SPORTS OUTFITS -
ONE FOR SKATING ONE FOR SKIING
FABRIC CONSERVATION OUTFIT -
ONE USING LESS MATERIAL THAN WE'VE BEEN USING

DRAW THEM ANY WAY, ON ANY KIND OF PAPER, BUT DO NOT
CUT THEM OUT THEY MUST REACH US BY JUNE 1 1942 WRITE
YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE ON EACH DRAWING WIN-
NING FASHIONS WILL APPEAR IN THE ISSUE OUT ABOUT
SEPTEMBER 1 1942 WITH THE NAMES OF THEIR DESIGNERS
ALL DESIGNS BECOME THE PROPERTY OF CALLING ALL GIRLS
SORRY NONE CAN BE ACKNOWLEDGED OR RETURNED SEND
THEM TO THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET, CALLING ALL GIRLS
52 VANDERBILT AVE. NEW YORK N Y

ADVENTURES
OF THE YORKTOWN
YOUNGER SET APPEAR
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
CALLING ALL GIRLS



In the sweet dusk her castles
in the air went up like magic

FIRST DATE

Whether or not you have had your first date, you will agree with Barbara that it is the most important "first" of all

DAD laid down his napkin. Barbara had watched the white linen fall into each separate fold. Hours ago she'd told herself this moment would arrive at last. Just the simple, unaided process of time would bring it.

Dad gave the napkin a pat and smoothed one corner under his dessert plate. Then he looked back and forth from Barbara to the boys. "Who'd like a movie tonight?" he invited.

"Oh, boy, there's an R.A.F. picture, Dad!" Jim cried.

Barbara said nothing, her heart shaking with delight. She wouldn't have to go, of course, and this would get them all out of the house. Barry looked at her and grinned.

"Barbara won't go, Dad," he warbled horribly as she began to walk calmly out of the room. "She's got a sweetie! He's

By **MARY MATTISON EUBANKS**

An ex-newspaper reporter who now devotes her time to a girl and a boy of her own

comin' to see her tonight."

Barbara felt her flesh prickle from head to foot. Sweetie! Where did Barry get awful-sounding words like that? Nasty little rat. She tried not to rush for the stairs, but her careful thoughts were blown to bits.

"What's that, Barbara?" Dad turned. "Don't you want to go to a movie?"

"No, thanks, Dad," she intoned, in neat little notes like a tuneless song. A silly voice. He'd know she was excited.

"What's this about a boy coming to see you?"

"A boy from school." She moved steadily toward the stairs.

"What boy?" Her father was

trying to sound lightly amused.

"His name is Allan." The gleaming stair stood out to her. "Allan French—I mean, Allan Frear. We're going to study French."

"Girls your age don't have boys calling on them, dear."

Barbara wasn't deceived by Dad's light tone. She heard the undercurrent of irritation. He wanted her to be Daddy's little girl forever.

"He isn't 'calling,' Dad. We're studying," she said in that tinny voice that made her want to giggle. The stairs. She lifted one foot slowly. Now, Mother, quick! Say something!

"I don't want my daughter . . ." Dad began sharply. Mother!

"I think it's all right, Tom," came her mother's voice. "I'll be here. You and the boys go along to the show."

The words came to Barbara through the thunder in her ears. Her heart stopped choking her. She could always depend on Mother. She dashed upstairs.

On the window seat of her room she squeezed into a cushion and cooled her cheeks with cold hands. This was her favorite spot. Here, looking out over the garden next door and into the pale western sky she did all her thinking—dreaming.

Now she leaned one elbow on the window sill and sniffed in the fresh spring evening. A scrap of yellow near the edge of the big rock below told her Nancy Goodwin was out there. She leaned out the window a little and called softly, "Hi, Nancy."

Nancy's brown head appeared over the rock. "Oh, Hi."

"What're you doing?"

"Nothing. What're you?"

"Nothing. Allan's coming down after a while."

Nancy came around the rock quickly. "Allan Frear?"

"Uh-huh."

"I didn't know you knew him." This was a tone of respect she didn't usually accord Barbara, nearly two whole years younger. "You going to the soph shag, Barb?"

Barbara was startled. She knew Nancy was inquiring if Allan had invited her. He hadn't. He wouldn't, of course, a mere babe. But she played up to Nancy's new respect.

"Oh, you know how my folks are about dances. You going?"

"If I get an invite."

"Bob'll ask you, Nancy."

Nancy shrugged. "He better hurry up. Be seeing you."

Barbara watched her go, sighing happily. What if Allan should ask her to the dance? Nancy seemed to think he might. If he didn't like her he wouldn't be coming down, would he? How had it happened, anyway?

Coming out of French class he'd said, "Gosh, I bet I flunk this stuff."

"Why? It's not so hard."

"I never get time to study."

"You might try staying home once in a while," she'd jibed.

"Better things to do."

Somehow that made her feel on the outside of things—outside of all the exciting and pleasant things of Allan's life. But before he left her at the foot of the stairs to go to chem, he'd said it: "I might come down to your house and bone up this *parlez-vous* a little. How about tonight?"

That was exactly what he'd said. It was a regular date. If they had a pleasant evening he might ask to take her to the hop. In the sweet blue dusk her castles in the air went up like magic. If he asked her to this dance, and if she was allowed to go, and if he asked her to other parties—then: She was set. She could be one of the school crowd, not just a girl among girls. A new life would begin. Allan. She was so warm with joy she quite forgot what all this dream was built on: Barry's hateful word "sweetie"; Nancy's idle curiosity; Allan's casual "I might come down."

Out of them she had whipped up what seemed in that beautiful moment a certainty. She was aglow with it. And that sad

little word "might" slipped right out of her happy mind.

"Barbara, where are you?"

"Here, Mother."

"The boys have gone. I want to run over to Mary's a minute. or would you rather I'd stay till your young man comes?"

"No. No, really." She stood shaking her head shyly.

"Well, I'll peer in and say hello when I come back. I must write Aunt Margaret tonight. Anything you'd like?"

"No, thanks, Mother. You're swell!"

When she stepped lightly down the stairs half an hour later she'd got together a costume that seemed pleasingly advanced over her usual school garb. The little blue sweater was several years old and consequently a trifle small but she was satisfied with the mature effect it gave her trim little figure. The v-neck and short sleeves had a note of spring about them, she'd decided, and Mother's lovely wooden beads and carved bracelet added a touch of sophistication. So did



Barbara was satisfied with the smooth effect it gave her trim figure

the drops of Mother's best French perfume

She walked through the quiet, empty house languorously and into the dim living room. As she bent gracefully over a lamp near the window she stole a glance outside. Allan was not yet in sight. But she stifled her uneasy impatience and dropped into a chair with careless elegance. Allan would see that hers was the manner of a graceful hostess.

The clock struck eight and the effect was unpleasant. Why didn't Allan come, anyway? Maybe he wasn't coming.

She didn't believe that, but perversely she repeated it to herself, as she might prod a sore spot to see if it was sore.

"He's probably met some of the boys and they've gone up to Tess's house. That's a great gathering place, I understand."

A lump of lead began to swell painfully under Barbara's ribs. To her dismay she saw her shining joy darken over, swept down by a rush of muddy misery. He wasn't coming. She knew it now, and she couldn't bear it.

Walking back and forth, up and down the front hall, she raged at herself for having taken Allan seriously. Of course he'd just been pulling a gag—"hand the babe a thrill." He was a smoothie really. Popular and cocky and fussy about his clothes. She sharpened her memory to recall the exact tone of his words, his laugh. Hadn't he been just wisecracking? Yes. She saw it now. "Too late. Always too late you use your noodle," her wise self bemoaned.

Why on earth would he want to spend an evening with her anyway? No other boy did, or ever had. Maybe none ever would. She wasn't—well, beautiful.

"Not even pretty."

All right, not pretty. Not cute. Not a member of that club. Helen and Nancy had just joined. All those girls had special boy friends they could in-

vite to dances and things. No, she was a nothing, and she'd made an idiot of herself expecting Allan Frear to go for her—Allan of all boys. Now what would everybody think, everybody she'd told he was coming? Horrors. She halted herself in front of the hall mirror and glared. Who knew about this?

Nancy. Yes, and Helen, too. Why had she been such a blind, excited dumbo? Running around boasting. Now she'd have to tell them something. "Mother thought I was too young."

SUMMER PICTURES

By ELLA WATERBURY GARDNER

The rain slid down from plushy skies
Upon a world of varnished green.
It washed away the film of dust
Till not a speck of dirt was seen.

It tinkled from the sagging spout,
Made laughing circles in a pool.
It brushed the pansies' velvet coats,
It rinsed the roses clean and cool.

The hollyhocks grew inches tall,
The lettuce rushed to get the light.
The hills put gossamer slickers on,
Rain diamonds were a common sight.

The morning sun burst on the world
Like spotlight on a painted stage,
And summer pictures slid along
As fast as I could turn the page.

Dad and the boys. What could she tell those horrible boys to keep them from sniffing something to hound her about? And Mother. Even if she could make the others think Allan had come and gone, Mother would have to know. And Mother would feel so sorry for her.

"I don't want her pity," Barbara groaned. She found herself standing in front of a couch, and promptly dived into it. This was the kind of thing that happened to her. He wasn't coming.

The bell.

Barbara sat up, with a pillow still clutched in one hand. Her

eyes were smeary. Her powder was rubbed off. Should she hide?

The bell rang again, and she realized it was the phone. Ina was answering it in the kitchen. She opened the door with her foot and called, "Barb'ra' Phone."

Barbara said, "Yes, Ina," with the first breath she had drawn in sixty seconds, and got to the telephone.

"How about French tonight?" Allan's voice demanded.

"All right," Barbara answered, "if you haven't anything more amusing to do."

Why had she said that, miserable fool?

"Didn't you expect me?"

"Not exactly." No, no, that was wrong. "I mean, you did say something about it. Why don't you? The family's gone to a movie."

"Okay. We'll write that letter, huh?"

"All right. I was just going to do mine."

"You can do mine, too."

"That's what you think."

"We'll take that up in a few minutes."

"All right. 'Bye."

Barbara hung up shakily. So he was coming. She needn't have suffered so. He was coming after all.

For what? To get his French letter done. She was going to be useful to him. Back at the hall mirror she confronted a face with drooping mouth and angry eyes.

"You're just a plain ridiculous fool, Barbara North," she scolded. "Always making things up."

She ran upstairs, re-powdered her nose, did her hair again. Slowly she walked downstairs, searching about in a brain that seemed completely hollow. The library would be the best place, she decided at last. But she couldn't just usher him straight in there, present him with the grammar and write sentences all evening. He'd think she was a complete ham. What else could they do? They didn't have the same

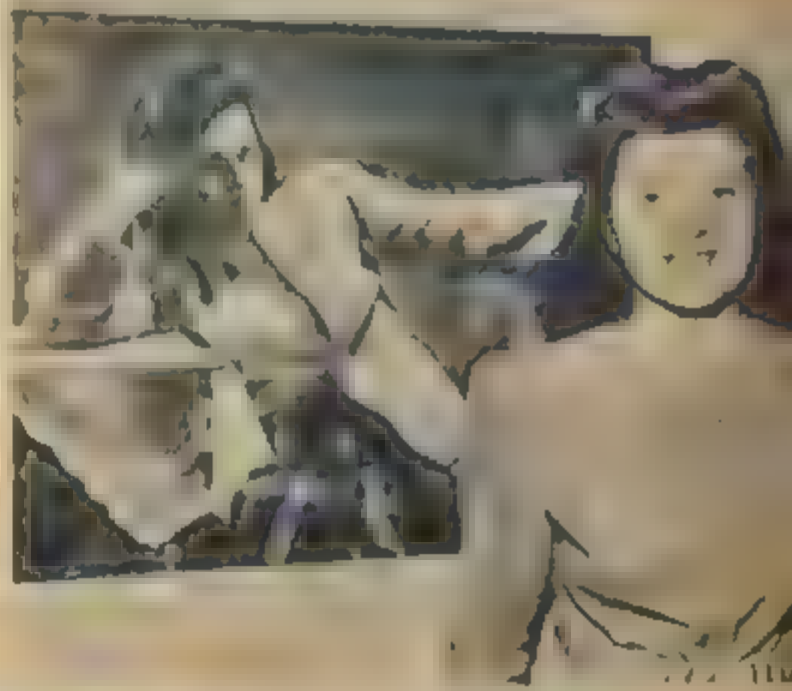
(Continued on page 53)

Girls in the NEWS!



Left—Mimi McIntosh of Hicksville, Long Island, looks proudly at the \$75-prize-winning square dance costume she designed for a Lord & Taylor (New York store) contest. Swing your partner

Right—Sixteen-year-old Harriet Scher of New York painted this portrait in oils and was awarded the gold medal for first place in Group I of the High School Art Exhibit at Macy's in New York



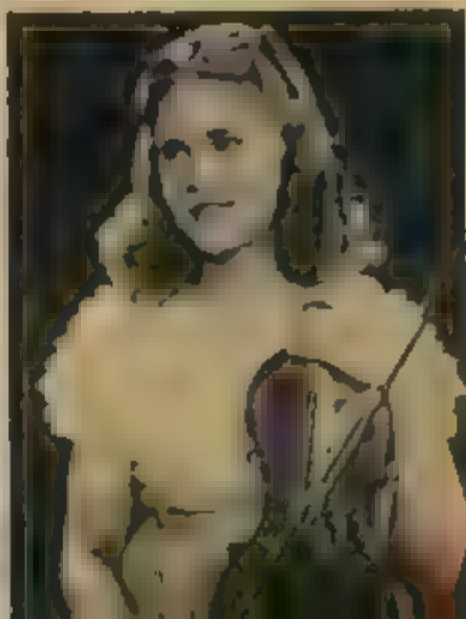
Left below—Canada's favorite girls, the Dionne quint, who will celebrate their eighth birthday on May 18th display the maple leaf symbol of Canada. Copyright, 1941, King Features Syndicate Inc

Right below—Some of the 81 medals, 250 trophies, 575 ribbons, including the highest horsemanship awards, collected by horse enthusiast Janet Ann Meade high school senior of Scarsdale, N. Y



Below—Violinists extraordinary! New York's eleven-year-old Karola Muller, Oregon's nine year-old Dana Steiner, and California's thirteen-year-old Camille Wicks have bowed to enthusiastic applause after their concerts in New York City's Town Hall.

Below—Six year-old Twinkle Watts, to be seen in Paramount's "Unusual Occupations" bows a 218



MAKE YOUR LETTERS

Sparkle



A man who has written lots of magazine articles tells you how

By CLIFFORD PARCHER

NOT so very long ago a bright young miss told me she couldn't write a decent letter to save her soul. It was amazing because that girl is one of the smoothest. Moreover, she can turn out words like an anagram factory, and she uses just the words to say exactly what she means. Yet it had never entered her very pretty little head that by letting her everyday talk slip off the business end of a pen, she would have just the sort of letter she was convinced she couldn't write.

If my young friend, however, should find herself face to face with the intended recipient of her letter, would she stand there like a department store wax model? Of course she wouldn't. She'd be off in a whirl on a fascinating account of what she had been doing, whom she had been seeing, and what she was planning to do.

What purpose do letters serve, anyway? Or, to put it another way—why do you like to see your friends from time to time? The answer's really the same for both, which makes

it simple, doesn't it? You're probably full of curiosity about what your friends have been doing. And even more, you want to tell them what's been going on in your own life, because you know they are interested. Well, then, letters provide excellent means of bringing them up to date on all the latest news.

We aren't trying to teach you how to write good letters. You already know all the principles involved. But here are some pointers to help you compose letters that are really interesting. In other words, to answer that old question, "But what shall I say?"

First off, always keep in mind that writing is not much different from talking. Remember the interests of the person to whom you are writing. If you were talking with a boy, for instance, you wouldn't go into ecstatic details about your new dress. And if tennis were one of your interests that the girl friend didn't happen to share, you wouldn't go on and on about your latest court triumph. The same thing applies to letters. You must have interests in common with

the person to whom you are writing—otherwise you would not be writing! So play up those subjects, just as you would in a conversation.

Another thing: Why is it that we all climb up on stilts when it comes to letter writing? You've probably received—and written—such phrases as, "Even though I dislike formal luncheons, I attended the affair given recently by Ellen Burbank in honor of Jane Jones." Can you imagine saying that to your friend? Of course you can't. You'd say something like: "You know how formal luncheons are among my pet hates! Well, Ellen Burbank had one last Monday for Jane Jones. I would not hurt Ellen's feelings for the world, so I went. And I had a swell time!"

You don't—we hope—confine your conversation to unpleasant subjects. Just so, you're smart not to let the clouds cast too much of a shadow on your letters. No one wants to read an outpouring of complaints and hard-luck stories.

You talk with sincerity. Carry that sincerity over into your writing. Avoid what seems to be a natural tendency to crowd letters with sweet nothings and exaggerated compliments.

When you sit down at your



desk with a supply of paper, pen, ink, blotter, be sure that your equipment includes an assortment of underlines, parentheses, dashes, and exclamation points. They'll take care of everything except the written shrug, and for that you can use several unadorned periods, strung together like a pearl necklace. They, like the shrug, invite readers to draw their own conclusions. For instance, "Last evening I played badminton for the first time this season . . . Today I'm being served instead of serving!"

After you've become less self-conscious when confronted by that unadorned page, you can depend on words rather

than on the underlines and other such tools. It's fun to see just how accurately and imaginatively you can express yourself by a careful choice of words instead of punctuation. Similes will give your letters added sparkle. If you haven't been using them, you'll probably start out with some old numbers like, "I've been as busy as a bee," or, "My garden is as dry as a bone." Never mind, they're better than nothing; and before you know it you'll be putting in some that show signs of originality. Things will be looking up when you write, "I was so scared that

my knees shook like a wing strut in a barrel roll."

And here's another little tip that adds to a letter—when given a chance, which isn't often! Use the name, once in awhile, of the person to whom you're writing. If you'll cock an ear to your own conversation, you'll find that you do it when you talk with a friend. It's even more effective in writing. Your letter becomes more intimate, more personal.

All this goes to say that you can write a good letter. With a little care and a bit of practice you can speed your personality across the miles or the continent as easily as you can across a soda fountain table.

As the BOYS See You!

You can learn about girls from boys! Here's the low-down on what the boys like best about you—and what they like least, too

By HELEN CIANCIMINO

IT WAS a whiz-bang party and it was certainly different! Of course, it was given especially for you—even though you weren't invited. . . . No, this isn't double-talk. To begin at the beginning:

You have asked a million and one questions. Questions about boys and what boys think of you, like about you, are attracted to in you. You are one big question mark—whether you have dates or are still looking forward to your first one—and the questions have you so bewitched, bothered, and bewildered that you can't concentrate on verbs, your tennis serve, or your part in the play. You have the customary number of arms and legs and a reasonable distribution of features but you are afraid that you won't click.

That produced an idea. Who but the boys would have the answers? The boys your age, who go to the same schools you do, who play on the teams you cheer for, and belong to your dramatic, newspaper, and photography clubs. In short, the boys you wish would seek you out instead of running for cover.

Well, why not ask them? And so a party for boys was cooked up at which they would be fed into such a state of blissful contentment that they wouldn't balk at any question. Boys of every size, shape, age, and disposition were invited. First, refreshments with a vengeance, and then the bomb was exploded:

"How about girls?"

And were we told off! They

love to talk about you and they don't pull their punches. Once they warmed up to the subject, they went on for hours, talking three at a time and even arguing with one another on some points. We kept out of the picture as much as possible except to ask another of your questions when we could get a word in, and to take notes fast and furiously.

Maybe you have been taken in by the old routine about boys not being observant. It's not so! They don't miss a trick. From the pert bow in your top-knot to your pet red moccasins, they see all, know all, and tell all. They like you all right! You are "sugar and spice and everything nice" to them and because you are, they want you to be up to standard.

They put a hearty O.K. on the sports outfits with individual zip that you wear by day and the feminine lovelies you hoard for dress-up occasions. They awarded blue ribbons for the light touches of

make-up you apply with so subtle a hand it looks like the McCoy. And they are flattered because you have adopted their military brushes and turn out with shining hair. They place a special seal of approval on the new feather-cut or medium long bobs, softly waved.

Oh, there are gripes, too!

"If they can't keep their stockings up and the seams straight, why don't they stick to ankle socks?" Bruce grumbled. "Some of them totter on high heels as though they're goin' to fall on their faces," Roy put in. Tarleton pointed out that lipstick on your teeth and overlapping to your chin doesn't add anything but waste paint to the picture you should make.

There were some slighting comments about girls' hats which we ignored, it being a male privilege to direct pointed remarks at them. And your little numbers would be missed if you took to staid, severe head gear.

"Position is everything in life," one boy suggested. And he didn't mean social position either. It seems a girl on his block sits with her legs twisted around like crullers, drapes herself on a couch like Raggedy Ann, or squats like a tailor. She also has a trick of walking up the street as though she were leading a conga line, which brought the conversation around to dancing.

Much admiration for your smooth technique and the way you pick up new steps. The boys like your erect and graceful dancing posture and the tricky maneuvers your feet execute so nimbly. They admitted that they watch you dance with other boys before asking you; and if you hang on your partner's neck, or bump out from the rear, they avoid you like the seven-year itch. Dancing was a sore point with Eddie



It's not gunpowder, but does he explode when you fix your face in public!

whose partner at the last school dance had spent the evening "hitch-hiking on my toes." In between dances she deserted him for long stretches during which she held whispered conferences with other girls while the boys twiddled their thumbs impatiently.

There was enough of a lull for us to ask, "What girls do you ask out—the prettiest, and why?"

It appears we were wrong. One of the girls they like best is plain. She is popular, they said, because she's fun, a good sport, and a good dancer. She's not too self-reliant but she's no clinging vine either. She takes an active part in the goings-on without trying to hog front stage center all the time. She's on time for dates; she's friendly to everybody. She doesn't make eyes at men teachers or make a habit of dumb questions. She doesn't giggle or talk too much; neither does she sit like a bump on a log.

"What do you like girls to talk about?" we asked quickly remembering your wails of "What can I say to boys?"

They like you to talk about sports, all and any of them, about what makes in school and town activities, about airplanes and ships, hobbies, movies, and about Scout and "Y" doings. They like you to be good listeners, which means interested. It is as difficult for



She should open her eyes to the pained expression on her partner's face and take a tip from her girl friend

them to launch a conversation as it is for you, and they are every bit as self-conscious as you are. A girl who makes things easier by meeting them half way and offering some encouragement—a warm smile as a starter—is bound to rate.

"Some girls look at a boy as though he were something you find when you turn up a rock," Stan exploded, "and then they wonder why he's tongue-tied."

"How about the ones who just answer 'yes, period,' or 'no, period,' to anything you say so that it's tough to get a conversation going?" Bud asked.

Their favorite girl greets them as though she were really glad to see them. She usually has a friendly question about one of the boys' activities. She's quick to pick up any attempt they make and keep the ball rolling.

It wouldn't take a Charlie

Chan to gather that the boys would prefer you to save your hair, clothes, figure, and make-up problems for sessions with other girls.

"Gee, why are some girls so catty?" Lyn muttered disgustedly.

"Yeah," Davy put in, "and why do they hang around a popular girl trying to trade in, instead of building up their own circulation by themselves?"

Most of them had been to a party given by one of the girls and they kept referring to it enthusiastically.

"What was special about it?" we asked.

"Well," Jimmie supplied, "she had lots of new games that were fun and kept everybody mixing. The chow was super. We all blitzed the kitchen and helped fix food and dish it out. The girl next door gives parties



The constant tee-hee's of these giddy gigglers have soured his disposition

but she never has anything planned and she pairs off everybody in couples and doesn't try to get the group together. Anyway," he finished, "they're too darn formal."

"Sure," Dick volunteered, "and she calls up boys she never met and invites them. They go, all right, but they laugh at her."

And that set them off on telephoning. Now and then, the boys agreed, a call from a girl builds them up, but some girls phone early, late, mealtimes, anytime and for the least excuse, which proves embarrassing and lets the boys in for a lot of kidding from their families.

"We like to do the telephoning ourselves," Hudson offered. "There's no kick to having a girl chase you. And girls who tell you all about what they did at other parties or with other boys are bores."

The answer to our question, "What do you consider a first commandment for girls?" was unanimous.

"Be themselves and act their age!"

"How do you mean?" we insisted.

"Well, for instance," Bob explained, "they don't have to be carbon copies of glamour girls or wear their hair, their faces, and their nails like the 'oomph' girl of the year to be popular. We like them best when they concentrate on their own types



She's got what it takes and they don't ask for anything more

with some original spice added."

"You bet," Jim agreed. "And the girls who don't try to act older, sophisticated, and too-too bored with our 'childish' interests are right on the beam with me!"

An extra special bouquet to you for not expecting boys to spend much money and for not stampeding the boys who have cars and the largest allowances. You can take it from us, the lads appreciate it.

The party was just breaking up when Court grinned, "You really ought to give the girls a chance to take us apart now. I'll bet they'd like to change plenty about us!"

"And tell them," Tommy called back from the steps, "that even if we don't know

what to do with them, we certainly wouldn't know what to do without them."



Whatever the game, she's a good sport



She acts her age and he loves it!

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



My mother thinks I should wear braids. I don't. I think I'm old enough not to, don't you?—Judy H., aged almost 10, Kentucky:

IT MAY be Judy's mother thinks braids are becoming, or convenient, or nice and neat-looking, or appropriate for school or play, or comfortable, or extremely flattering! Of course, it may be, too, that Mrs. H. just happens to like braids—maybe wore them herself when she was "almost ten"—or wished she could and her mother did not like them!

Judy has reasons for not wanting braids, too. Perhaps they have for her none of the nice-sounding qualities they have for her mother. Maybe none of her friends wear them; or braids—in her opinion—are not exactly stylish for girls of her age though they certainly are for the college girls; or she thinks another hair-do would be prettier, or easier to handle.

Maybe Judy and her mother could sort of compromise. Braids on school days and something else on week-end days, perhaps? Or braids, with a different kind of part? Or braids this one more year? The decisions will be made by taking into account all the reasons on both sides—always a good experience to have.

HERE'S your opportunity to get things off your chest! Airing problems and exchanging experiences and ideas usually bring comfort and practical suggestions.

Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? There just isn't space enough to answer every letter here but if you sign your complete name and address (and they won't be printed), a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, a problem just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Judy would probably agree that the way in which she asks her mother to reconsider this matter will make quite a difference! It's one thing to bring up a question for discussion and decision, and another thing to get terribly excited about it!

There is a friend in school that I like rather well and I don't know if my mother knows about it or not, but I have been going with him a year and a half and I've never asked him to my house when my folks are home. I'd like to know if or not my mother would care if I asked Junior to my house on a Friday or Saturday till 9:00 or 9:30 o'clock? Do you think I am old

enough to have a friend call on me and take me places like others do?—Pauline H., aged 15, New Hampshire.

WE certainly do feel that Pauline should discuss with her mother the problem she describes. It is unwise for her to invite her friend to her home without her family's knowledge and she is right in wanting her mother's opinion about the matter of going places with boy friends.

It goes without saying that all parents do not feel alike about these things. And individual boys and girls are ready for dates at different ages for they do not all grow mature at an equal pace. A good deal depends, too, on the customs followed by folks in various communities. It also makes a difference where the young people want to go together, and what supervision there will be.

Pauline will want to tell her mother about Junior and explain that they've been good friends and have enjoyed be-

(Continued on page 37)



To braid or not to braid! That is the question Judy and her mother weigh

Mayor Martin's Daughter

Will Connie and Peggy be able to save the boys from danger and help the cottage's mysterious and fascinating tenant?

By ADAM ALLEN

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Connie Martin and Peggy Stone believed the new tenant of Peggy's Aunt Agatha's country cottage, James Smith, to be really jewel-thief Stanley Thorne, just released from prison. He resembled a newspaper photograph of Thorne; he hesitated over his name at the post office; and on his car door they saw the initials S.T. Unable to decide whether to report their evidence (if Thorne's presence were made public, he would be in danger from his former gang), they were further upset when Stub Stevens and Cap Riley also met the charming stranger and made enthusiastic plans to visit him often. With Smith in danger, then the boys might be, too, and the girls feared Smith would use them as bodyguards! Now go on with the story.

CONNIE MARTIN and Peggy Stone, referred to for years by their families and friends as the Inseparables, would have had a hard time denying that name during the next twenty-four hours. They spent the evening together and they met in the hall between classes the next day to review again and again the case of Mr. Smith-Thorne and to worry.

The question to which they kept returning—a question that had become even more important than that of telling or not telling Peggy's Aunt Agatha—was whether or not to tell Cap and Stub.

"But we ought to," Peggy insisted.

"And if we do you know what will happen. You know what they say about criminals—that they just need a chance

and they'll be like other people. If we tell them Mr. Smith is Stanley Thorne they'll probably want to go right out and move in with him just to prove that they mean what they say."

Connie and Peggy, Cap and Stub had a history class together in the last period of the day. As the girls entered the room the boys crowded up behind them and Stub announced cheerfully: "We're going out to Smith's this afternoon. I guess you wish you were popular like us."

The girls didn't answer but when they had reached their seats Connie leaned across the aisle and whispered tensely to Peggy, "We'll have to stop them!"

"But how?"

"I don't know. They're so stubborn. If we tried to suggest something else to do they just wouldn't pay any attention."

"May I have your attention, Miss Martin, if it isn't asking too much of a sacrifice on your part?"

Peggy and Connie both started guiltily and turned embarrassed red faces toward Mr. Cartwright's desk. But ten minutes later, when his lecture was well begun, Connie, excusing

herself on the grounds that this was an emergency, scribbled a note and dropped it on the floor. Peggy dropped her handkerchief over it, and bent down to pick up both handkerchief and note.

She read the message and, under cover of a recitation by the boy in front of her, nodded solemn agreement to Connie. Yes, there wasn't anything else to do. They would have to go with the boys.

With mock cheerfulness they announced their decision at the end of class. And when Stub pointed out firmly that they had what he crudely referred to as "plenty of nerve" Connie and Peggy smiled sweetly.

"We can't help being influenced by the people we associate with," Connie tried her best to keep her voice natural.

"Well, nobody is asking you to associate with us today."

Connie's eyes went wide. "We didn't ask you to ask us. We've already been invited by Mr. Smith—he wants us to come out any time at all. We just happen to feel like going today."

As they piled into Cap's car, the boys continued to object, but they weren't serious about it—and even if they had been,



Connie scribbled a note to Peggy and dropped it on the floor

Connie and Peggy, both determined, would have been a match for them. As it was the girls were glad enough to have Cap and Stub keep up their campaign; it kept them too busy to notice that there was a strange expression on Peggy's face and that Connie's eyes were dark with worry.

But it seemed silly to worry, once they had arrived at Aunt Agatha's house. Mr. Smith opened the door, grinned widely at the sight of them, and pulled them inside.

"You people are mind readers," he said, shutting the door. "How did you know that I had just finished work for the day and was going to settle down in front of the fire and feel lonely?"

Connie wondered what sort of work he was talking about. She would try to find out. He had probably just said that in order to seem like a respectable citizen.

Aunt Agatha's living room had always been a cozy, pleasant place, but this cool spring day it was more than that. A good fire crackled in the grate,

and its dancing lights fell on a dozen exciting objects around the room.

The girls found their curiosity piqued in spite of themselves. But it was Stub, of course, who ignored the manners he had been taught and pointed dramatically at a tiny brown head perched on the bookcase.

"Is that a monkey's head, Mr. Smith? A real monkey?"

"It's a real man's head, Stub," their host said, putting a great bowl of red apples on the hearthrug and settling himself on the floor, his long legs crossed under him.

Stub gulped and all their eyes widened.

"It's one of the shrunken heads I'm sure you've all heard about. It was prepared by a tribe far back in the hills of . . ." and Mr. Smith's voice somehow took on the strangeness and the color of the far land he began to tell them about. Absent-mindedly the guests helped themselves to apples, as the flow of talk went on and the afternoon shadows lengthened.

"And that little statue there, carved out of an ivory tusk—and that strange picture there, folded into three sections . . ."

Each of the curious items in the room had a story, and they listened, more and more fascinated with each one. Connie kept saying to herself: "I mustn't let myself believe all this—or believe that he's so nice." But the tale he was telling lifted her out of the room away from her worries and into an exciting land peopled with dark, foreign faces and the stuff that history and romance are made of.

Mr. Smith had just paused to put another log on the fire, to apologize because his movie films weren't unpacked yet—"But that will just give me another excuse to get you all back here again"—and had settled himself once more on the floor when there came a sharp ring at the door. It sounded noisy and somehow frightening in the quiet room.

Mr. Smith sat very still for a moment.

"Must be a mistake," Connie heard him murmur. "Nobody

With a preoccupied expression around his eyes, Mr. Smith crumpled the telegram into a yellow ball and hurled it toward the fireplace



but you four knows I'm here." And then he got up and went to the door.

Connie felt herself holding her breath.

"Smith? That's right. Here you are." And a moment later the door was closed again and their host stood at the edge of the circle of firelight, ripping open a yellow telegram envelope.

He looked at the paper inside for a long time and then with a funny little smile he walked toward them.

"Look, you kids," he said, "could we postpone the story about—what was it?—oh yes, the carved stone—until some other time? I'm going to have some company that wouldn't interest you very much."

He crumpled the telegram up into a yellow ball and hurled it toward the fireplace.

"We had a swell time. Is it really okay to come back again?"

"I'll be looking forward to it." He smiled as pleasantly as he ever had but there was a preoccupied look around his eyes as he brought their coats.

"Goodbye, Mr. Smith. Many thanks."

"Goodbye."

And a moment later he had closed the door, with a last wave. As they moved toward the road Connie looked back and saw him hurry across the living room to the stairs.

She settled herself in the front seat beside Cap, the other two got into the back, and with a great roar the jalopy came to life.

"Cap!" It was difficult to speak, somehow. "Cap!"

"What?" He steered the jalopy around a curve. "Boy—I bet you girls were scared at some of those stories."

"Cap, stop, please. Stop the car."

Stub laughed. "Don't worry—those are only shadows."

"Cap, please. Stop here. I am scared but not for the reason you think."

And Peggy said sharply, "Cap, listen to Connie! Stop."

The brakes ground on slowly and the car pulled to a halt.

"What's the matter with you two?" Cap's voice was puzzled but at least, Connie noticed, he wasn't laughing any more.

"Peggy?" She looked questioningly over the back of the seat.

"Yes, I know," Peggy said quickly "Tell them. Hurry up."

"I picked up the telegram—it didn't go into the fire. Do you think I should read it?" She pulled a crumpled wad out of her coat pocket.



Meet the author! Yes, Adam Allen is two people, husband and wife who use this pen name. Their latest book, "Dynamo Farm" (a 4-H story), was the April Junior Literary Guild choice for older girls and boys. Mr. Adam Allen is a photographer—he took this picture—and former editor. His wife was a newspaper reporter and magazine editor before they decided to spend all their time being a writer.



"Hey—is that Mr. Smith's telegram? Who do you think you are?" Cap sounded as shocked as Connie knew she would have felt in similar circumstances—but there had never been similar circumstances in her life before.

"Yes. Read it, Connie. I'm sure we should." Peggy's voice was tight.

"I hate to. But I think we should, too." And ignoring the boys' clamor, Connie opened the yellow paper.

"Peggy! Listen! 'DID YOU THINK I COULDN'T FIND YOU? THIS PROVES I DID.

COMING TO GET IT TONIGHT.' And it's signed 'MAC.'"

"Connie! We've got to do something."

"Yes," Connie said slowly. "Yes, we have to."

And she was thinking, confusedly, that somehow it didn't matter any more if he had been a criminal. She liked him and she wanted to help him. Never mind all those things she had said. All she could remember now was the way he smiled at them—nobody could be very bad and smile like that—and the way he had hurried them off when danger approached. He wasn't trying to use the boys as a bodyguard. He didn't want them to be hurt. And they mustn't let him be hurt either—if they could help it.

"If we can help it," Connie thought despairingly. "But just what..."

"If you don't tell us what you crazy girls are talking about we'll shake it out of you," Cap was saying to her, and in the back seat Stub was grumbling about people who wanted to be "so darn mysterious."

"Yes, we'll tell you. Right now. Listen. Mr. Smith is Stanley Thorne—that diamond thief whose picture was in the paper the other day. Remember—the one you showed us, Stub?"

The boys stared at her incredulously and then burst into laughter.

"If that isn't just like a couple of girls," Cap said.

"But it's true," Peggy said. "If you'll only listen to us. We know it."

"You don't have to take our word for it. Look at the initials on the door of his car."

Their laughter died out then and they looked at her. Connie could almost see the idea taking root in their minds. And when Cap glanced suddenly at the telegram and said quickly, "Okay. Tell us about it, Connie," she knew that the worst was over. They would listen now. She was afraid that every moment was precious.

"This is how we found out." And together they told the story.



And ignoring the boys' clamor, Connie opened the yellow paper. "Peggy! Listen!" she cried excitedly

"So I didn't want to look at the telegram but now I'm glad we did," Connie concluded, "if they're coming to get him."

"Gosh," Stub breathed. "What'll we do?"

Cap took the mussed paper and read it again.

"It says coming to get it," he pointed out. "He must have hidden some of the stuff when he was caught, and they want him to divide with them."

"Or maybe they only think he did," Connie suggested. It was possible to think of Mr. Smith as a man who had done wrong and paid by imprisonment; but she didn't want to think that he would go on living on the proceeds of his guilt.

"And maybe it's only one man who's coming," Peggy put in. "It's signed by just one name."

"One man would be easy to handle," Stub said, throwing back his shoulders.

Connie looked at the boys and wondered if she had done the right thing. They were strong, yes. But they were very young; they couldn't expect to cope with hardened criminals. But what else was there to do? They couldn't afford the time to go in to Central City and persuade the police that the man living in Aunt Agatha's house needed protection. And they

couldn't leave Mr. Smith-Thorne alone to face these desperadoes—or even one desperado.

"If we can just head them—or him—off," she said. "They surely wouldn't try anything if there were people around. If he'd only let us stay at the house..."

"We'll just have to help without letting Mr. Smith—er, Thorne—know about it," Cap said firmly. He went on: "This is a pretty lonely road. We'll just try to stop any car that comes along—somehow. If we can discourage them today we'll have time to figure out something else for the next time."

"Yes," Connie was sure she could make the police understand if she just had time enough. She'd get her father on her side. She make him help.

"So our problem is to cover him tonight. Let's divide up and take the road on either side of the house. That wire was sent from Fulton. That's about forty miles away. Sent at four-thirty. And it's only a little after five. It came right through. But anyone who sent it would be here in—well, another half hour, say. Stub, Peggy can go with you. Connie, you stay with me. We'd better not drive the car past the house again, so we'll stay here with

it. You two walk past the house about a quarter of a mile or so and wait there."

"And what'll we do if a car does come?" Stub's voice was steady but his face looked pale.

"That's your problem," Cap said. "Anything anything at all—to stop any car that comes along. Probably the thieves' car will be the only one we see out here. Lie down in the road and pretend to be dead, or something, and make them take you back to town."

"Pretend to be dead. Yeah." Okay. Come on, Peg. So long."

"Good luck."

In a few moments Peggy and Stub had disappeared.

Even the old jalopy couldn't bring back the feeling of safety and everydayness. Because perhaps in a few minutes another car would come toward them with men in it and...

Connie tried to stop imagining. Cap was here right beside her. But it was getting very dark. There was no house anywhere near except Aunt Agatha's where Mr. Smith-Thorne was waiting for—what?

The shadows were black around them and it was very still under the trees.

In the distance they heard the sound of an approaching car.

(To be continued next month)

Everyday people

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

In "Seven Wise Dwarfs," Dopey, Grumpy, Doc, and the rest have come back to help us work for Victory. Every Disney character, in fact, is all out for the war effort in a series of delightful cartoons designed for laughter. (RKO)

THERE has always been a legend, a sort of folk tale about the "little fellow" being honest and kind and brave—yet in the movies it was always the handsome go-getter who won the girl. The same was true of the wholesome heroine. She had to be made over into a glamour girl before the hero would notice her. But the times and the movies are changing. Heroines these days are useful lasses though no less attractive and certainly a lot more fun than the dressed up dolls who

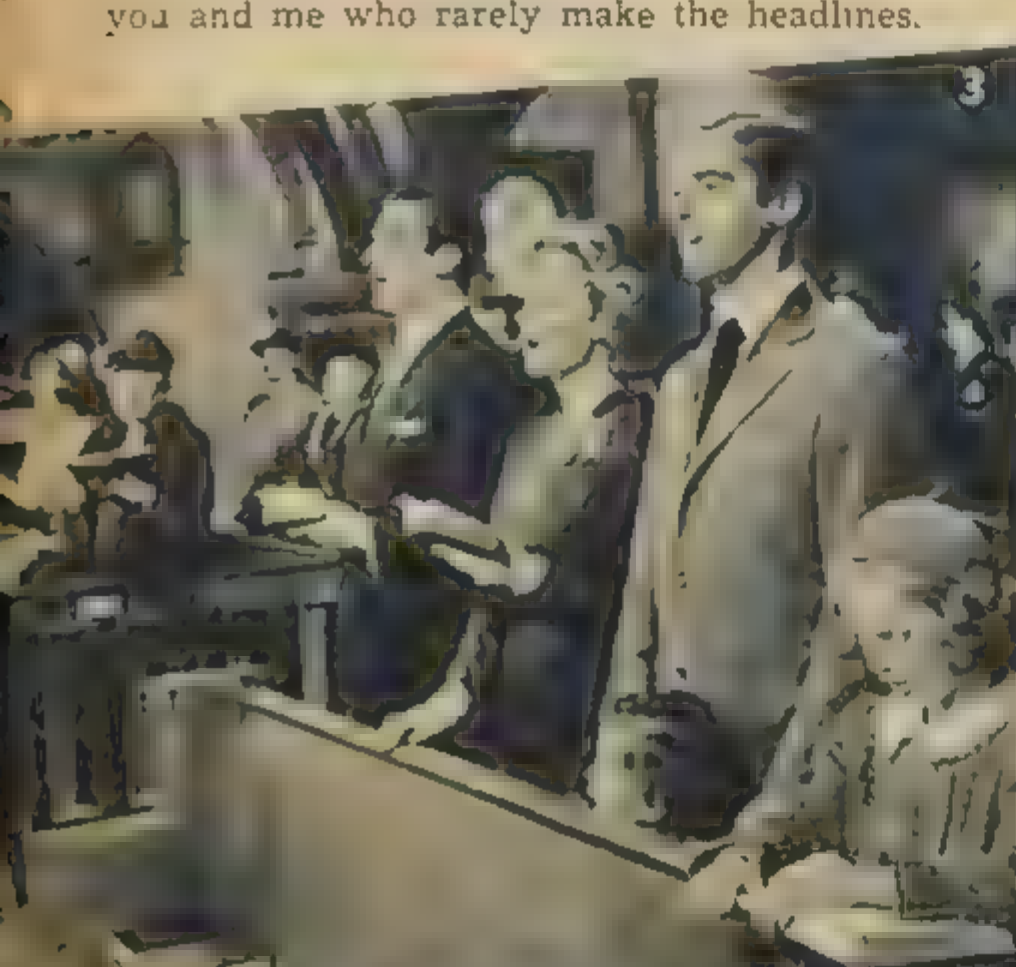


crash the Movies!

Donald Duck is still in there punching in "Donald's Decision" when he finds a way to sacrifice. But of course he has to squawk about it first or he wouldn't be Mr. D. Duck, the Disney scamp. (RKO)

seemed to live only in penthouses. Stories, too, are more and more frequently about everyday people who are proving their courage on the home front.

It's pleasant, we think, to go to the movies and recognize the characters on the screen as being like your own family or the neighbors instead of like fashion models parading before a painted background. So on these pages we're showing pictures from current films, gay, amusing, sometimes sad, but all about folks like you and me who rarely make the headlines.



- 1 The Bumsteads have a new baby in "Blondie's Blessed Event" and in "Dagwood's Proud!" (Col.)
- 2 Jimmy Lydon seems to be getting nowhere now with Jane Withers in "The Mad Martindale." Jane wears styles your mother wore. (Fox)
- 3 The Miniver family at church in "Mrs. Miniver" with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (MGM)
- 4 In "Rio Rita" Lee Costello finds a friend who doesn't boss him the way Abbott does. (MGM)
- 5 Gene Autry makes a regular fella out of a spoiled girl (Edith Fowles) in "Heart of the Rio Grande" featuring schoolgirl and music. (RKO)
- 6 Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch brings a cheerful family back to the screen. (Para.)
- 7 The little fellow himself—Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." (U. A.)

Sound FUN

Without sound effects, your favorite radio program would seem as dull as a play without scenery, as strange and awkward as a silent movie

By ORA NICHOLS

Noises are my profession! From the contented purr of a kitten to the threatening rumble of thunder, there is hardly a noise, great or small, that I have not reproduced in my career as a noise maker.

This isn't a "what am I?" riddle. I'm paid to make as many and as weird noises as I like because I am a radio sound technician—the only sound effects woman with the Columbia Broadcasting System. Yes, I'm the person nobody notices if I do my job right—and naturally. But just let me slam a door before the hero goes through it, and everybody will be quite aware that I'm around. In the studio, surrounded by as strange a collection of pans, spoons, boxes, brooms, bird seed, wire brushes, cellophane, and other assorted objects as was ever brought together, eyes glued to the script, I wait for the moment in the play when a bomb falls, a building blazes, a bridge crashes—and just as tensely for the less dramatic moments when a baseball is caught or is hit by a bat, a telephone rings, a glass is broken. In such moments, a sound not faithfully reproduced, not perfectly timed would destroy the effect of the entire scene.

Sound effects are the blood of a story; they give atmosphere and color to a radio play. The whirr of a mowing machine feeds your imagination till you have a mental picture of a summer scene. The

A sharp crack as ball meets bat, a shrill whistle as a train rounds the bend, a rattle and whirr as the mower trims the lawn come easy to the author of this article, for noises are her stock in trade



sound of footsteps with characteristic tread, the hum of a motor, the spatter of rain or the clinking of glasses bring life to a script. And the most vivid scene dies when no sound of receding footsteps, no closing door, no whisper from the motor of a car pulling away accompanies a departing character.

Just as movies of a real snow storm look faked, so real thunder would probably sound like the end of the world to the radio listener. Because radio picks up noises that the human ear doesn't hear, or distorts and magnifies them, man-made sounds are usually far more natural than the actual sounds.

Of course special machines are used to make a number of sounds. Those of machine-gun fire, boat races, and water wheels are produced by such machines. The clatter of horses' hoofs on cobblestones is made by striking coconut shells together, and the pounding of surf is exactly reproduced by peas rolled around on a drum head. The frightening crackle of a raging forest fire is really nothing more than cellophane and strawberry boxes being crumpled.

We are asked to create weather, tell time, speed action, show passage of time between scenes, and indicate distance. Sound technicians must have a perfect sense of timing, good imaginations, mechanical ability. There's more than slamming doors and ringing bells to sound effects. But, hard work and all, making noise is fun!

NAVY GIRL



There is safety in numbers in wartime waters. Above protective planes keep watch

Convoy in the Pacific! A newspaperwoman interviews a girl who came to the U. S. from Hawaii on a blacked-out transport

By BERYL WILLIAMS

THIRTEEN - YEAR - OLD Rita Ginn was eating her breakfast one sunshiny morning in Honolulu when the bombs began to drop on Pearl Harbor and, between mouthfuls, she found herself in the middle of a war. She crossed a few thousand miles of Japanese-patrolled Pacific Ocean in a blacked-out transport, wearing her life jacket every waking moment and sleeping with it beside her, wondering what she would do with her war-kitten, Bixie (there was no life jacket small enough to fit him), if they had to take to the lifeboats. She has traveled over practically all of the Orient, going to school in places that are just weird names on the map to most of us. All this Rita has taken calmly enough. She wasn't frightened of the bombs over Honolulu or of the submarines that might be lurking in dark Pacific waters—any-

way, not very frightened. But when we visited her in a quiet apartment in Forest Hills, Long Island, where she is living with her mother while her naval lieutenant father does shore duty somewhere on the East Coast, we found her really scared. She had just been told, at Forest Hills Public School 101, that she would have to make her own graduation dress!

We suspect we looked a little surprised, but then we realized that psychologists would think it quite normal. People are afraid of what is strange to them. And while a lot of things that would seem very strange to most of us are not strange at all to Rita, contrariwise, as Tweedledum said, she finds everyday American life and American schools full of new experiences and new problems.

We had gone to see Rita to find out, because we thought you might be interested, just

what it means to be a Navy girl. And we found out, incidentally, something about Navy cats, too. Suppose we tell you Bixie's story first.

On that same December 7, while Rita's breakfast was being so noisily interrupted, Bixie was born. His Persian mother and his chinchilla father were both Navy cats. And Bixie was given to Rita as a Christmas present by Lieutenant Commander Harry L. Bixby, of the minelayer U. S. S. Oglala, owner of Bixie's mother. Then came that long black trip across the Pacific. We looked curiously at the gray and cream fluff that was Bixie, wondering if he had any idea of the danger he had been through, but Bixie ignored us and went on nibbling at his catnip.

When the Ginns reached California, Rita and her mother boarded a train for New York, but Bixie and Rita's father, Lieutenant Walter S. Ginn, drove together in a car to Florida. According to the lieutenant's report Bixie behaved well enough, sitting quietly on the front seat or climbing up on the steering wheel so that

he could see the scenery. Only when they reached Phoenix, Arizona, was his calm disturbed. There Bixie suddenly realized—the mental process must be guessed at, of course, but this seems a logical guess—that he was getting too far away from the sea. And before Lieutenant Ginn knew what had happened Bixie was out of the car and away. It required a lot of policemen and a lot of helpful cat-lovers to locate him and restore him to Rita's father, but it was finally accomplished. And since then Bixie has apparently understood, young as he is, that when you're in the Navy you go where you're sent, and that orders are orders even if you don't like them.

When Lieutenant Ginn left Florida for Washington Bixie left with him, traveling by train this time. And they made the last lap of their journey, from Washington to New York, by plane.

You can figure it out for yourself: in the first three months of his life Bixie had traveled over six thousand miles. And perhaps that's as good a hint as we could give you of what Rita's thirteen years have been like. She'd been around the world by the time she was six, and—but let's take it in order.

Rita was born in New York and her first months were uneventful—at least as compared to Bixie's. It wasn't until she was a year-and-a-half old that her mother packed her up and took her to Honolulu, where Lieutenant Ginn had been stationed. Two years later he was transferred to the Orient, and after a quick trip back to New York so that Rita's grandmothers could get a look at her, the family sailed for the Far East. The next few years were spent in China and Manila, and Rita began school at Cavite in the Philippines—one of the places you've been reading about in your newspapers lately.

In fact, the story of Rita's travels sounds like something out of the headlines most of the time. She's been in Java and Singapore and Sumatra and

Egypt and—for further details consult your atlas. A lot of it she doesn't remember very well. But she knows she was very surprised to find that the Red Sea wasn't red, and she recalls not liking camel-back riding very well; she kept asking if she couldn't ride on a nice little donkey instead.

After that she lived in Philadelphia for two years, in San Diego for several months, and when she was eight the family went out to Honolulu again. They were there four whole years—the longest time Rita has ever lived in one place. She went to school with Chinese, Japanese, Korean, and Philippine boys and girls, studied music at the famous old Punahou School, painting and clay modeling at the Honolulu Art Academy, and generally learned to feel at home in the land of palm trees and papaye and poy.

(There's a one-finger poy and a two-finger poy, Rita told us; if the mixture is thinner you need two fingers to dip it up with.)

After December 7 (remember Pearl Harbor?), the schools in Honolulu were closed. The young people were all eager to do something to help. Rita is a Girl Scout and together with the members of her troop she wound bandages, ran errands, watched babies, and made herself generally useful. When you are busy every minute, there is no time to be afraid, Rita says. Besides, the shock of war brought everyone closer together and a spirit was in the air that you couldn't escape even if you wanted to—and nobody wanted to. In fact, Rita was almost sorry when she learned that she and her mother—and Bixie, of course!—were to be evacuated. But the excitement of getting ready to leave

Rita holds Bixie who has had more thrills in five months than most cats have in nine lives
Photo by Samuel Epstein



and of the many goodbyes she had to say, again kept her too busy to think.

Rita knew that in wartime boats travel in convoys, blacked out, but actually being in one of those great dark transports in the midst of perilous waters is a lot different from reading about it. It is weird to see the shadowy ships slipping along in the night with no light showing. The great liners Rita traveled on before the war were gay with lights and music and diners in evening clothes. But on this trip, every passenger wore a life belt and didn't worry about style! Naturally, Rita says, people are pretty serious on such a trip, but they weren't gloomy. Everyone tried to be cheerful and to help keep others that way, too, so that even though you had a little shaky feeling down deep inside, it was easy to keep it hidden or to forget it altogether most of the time. Rita didn't suffer any actual discomfort, but she was thrilled and happy to be safe on land again, particularly United States soil.

And now she goes to Public School 101. How different is it? Yes, we asked that too. Well, the math is harder, Rita says; they take math pretty easily out in Honolulu. She's already studied French, and here she won't have it until she gets into high school, next year. History, geography, English—those are about the same. But she never had cooking before she came here, or sewing either. That's why this business of the dress.

"And I have to wear shoes here," she said, smiling because she knew that would sound a little odd to us. "We never wore shoes in Honolulu, except for Sundays or when we went downtown. Or hats."

Mrs. Ginn spoke up then to say that the first thing they did when they reached California was to buy Rita a hat—she didn't own one. She didn't own a warm coat either, or a rain coat. We said we'd heard a good deal about tropical storms, and we thought they were fairly damp.

Rita smiled again. "We call them liquid sunshine," she said. "It never rains long. You just stand under a tree until it's over—and even if you get wet you're always wearing cotton dresses and it doesn't matter. You dry off fast, the sun's so hot. Once in a while it does rain for a few days and everybody gets very excited. They think it's wonderful."

One of the wonderful things about Long Island, according to Rita, is that it has a winter. There was only one little snow flurry after she arrived, but she's looking forward to ice skating and sleighing next year—if she's still there, of course. You never can tell in the Navy. And she likes New York's escalators, although she was a little nervous about getting on the first one she saw. And she doesn't like the elevators in the tall buildings. "They go so fast—I leave my stomach behind on the first floor," Rita explains,

remembering the sinky feeling.

But doesn't she mind having her life uprooted every once in a while, and set down again somewhere thousands of miles away? Well, of course, it's difficult sometimes. "But you get used to it," Rita says patiently, as if she doesn't really expect people who aren't in the Navy to understand.

Oh yes, she's in the Navy—for good. She thinks she'll be a Navy nurse when she's older. And she supposes she'll marry a Navy man when she gets around to marrying. In the meantime she's very busy—making new friends, doing double homework in an effort to get adjusted to her new class, "seeing" New York, and—and doing something about that graduation dress. We said goodbye to Rita and Bixie and told Rita we didn't think she had to worry. The Navy would come through. But we didn't have to tell that to a Navy Girl!

RHYTHM FOR VICTORY . . . —

Picnics and food,
Things that are good,
Red, healthy blood;

Gay families
In twos and threes
At lakes and seas;

Laughter and song,
Plans that go wrong,
But leave one strong;

Strong men and free—
These things to me
Spell victory.

By Gloria Sheinberg, 15, Fort Worth, Texas

Susan is great! She's a certain girl—she's any girl—she's every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write Susan Says? Write on any subject, in any style, in any mood. Write prose, poetry, or even song if you like. Just don't write more than 250 words. Each month CALL HQ ALL G RLS will print and will pay \$5.00 for the best Susan Says—contribution from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALL HQ ALL G RLS. Address them to Susan, CALL HQ ALL G RLS, 52 Vandeventer Avenue, New York, N. Y.

JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT



Fancy dress makes gay de-
ceivers of everyday foods!
Imagination is the spice to add
for extra-special dishes

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

REMEMBER those first two lines from the duet in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore" and don't say we didn't warn you!

"Things are seldom what they seem:

Skim milk masquerades as cream."

The food in this article isn't what it looks like but in this case skim milk doesn't masquerade as cream. These recipes really taste good.

As a rule we don't believe in disguising food. You know, putting cranberries into a pie crust and calling it "Mock Cherry Tart." If the budget won't stand for fresh cherries when they're expensive, wait until they're in season and come down in price—then

make your pies. Or use canned cherries. Cranberry tarts taste awfully good in their own right and don't have to pretend to be something else.

However, it is fun to be an artist with food—to make it look as interesting as possible and taste just as delicious as it looks. That's why every once in a while the best chefs let their imagination roam and carve calla lilies out of turnips and roses out of beets, and spin castles out of sugar! But that's also why fine chefs go to great bother to arrange simple dishes as attractively as possible—green beans or asparagus all going in the same direction in neat little bundles; orange slices making an even swirl around a plate. That's why they "mix their colors" just as

artists do—tomato, for instance, next to the green of cucumber. But once in a while it's fun to have a food masquerade. You can have your first dress rehearsal for the costume party with this month's recipes.

POTATO TURTLES

4 small potatoes 4 little sausages

First poach your sausages. That means to heat a frying pan of water until it boils; remove pan from heat. Prick each sausage with a fork and place them in the hot water for about three minutes. Then drain. Peel the potatoes. With an apple corer cut out the center so that you can place a sausage through the hole. Cut the hole large enough, if not you'll have to tug the sausage and it will burst. Place

the four sausage-stuffed potatoes in a pan in a hot oven (400°). Baste every ten minutes with the drippings that come out of the meat. Bake until potatoes are soft inside and crispy on the outside, about half an hour. You can test one carefully with a fork.

OX EYES

Cottage cheese
Lettuce
Whole cooked beets
Mayonnaise or French dressing.

If the cottage cheese is the type that is already mixed with cream when you buy it, you can use "as is." If it is the dry type, add 3 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt to 1 cup of the cheese and mix until it is free of lumps. Use small canned whole beets or cook a bunch of small beets of even size. Leave one or two inches of the beet tops and the tails on so they won't "bleed" and place in two quarts of boiling water. Boil for 30 to 40 minutes, or until they are soft. Cool under cold water and peel; the skins will slip off easily. Cut off tops and bottoms. Place a large leaf of lettuce on a salad plate, add a mound of cottage cheese, and then sink a beet into the center of the mound. Please pass the dressing—we mean the fence!

BUTTERFLIES

Canned pineapple slices
Prunes
Mayonnaise or French dressing
Lettuce
Nuts or cheese
Green pepper (or what-you-will)

Lettuce again. Cut each round of pineapple in half. Lop a diagonal slice off each of these four ends so that you will have two large pieces of pineapple to approximate butterfly wings. Place on lettuce. Plump raw prunes in hot water overnight or for as long as you have time, or use cooked ones. Take out the pit and stuff with the slices of pineapple you have lopped off or nuts or cheese. Place prunes on butterfly wings for body. Finish with two fronds of green pepper or anything else in the icebox that looks like butterfly antennae to you! Serve with dressing.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 25)

ing together. Her mother will surely wish to meet him—as one of her daughter's pals. Perhaps she will consent to Pauline's inviting a whole group of young people to her home on one of those precious Friday or Saturday nights, and then some other parents in the community would ask the group on other evenings. Homes should be enjoyed by all the family members and by family and personal friends, too. It is quite usual and very normal for girls and boys around fifteen and sixteen to enjoy social gatherings together. If their parents feel—after considering all the pros and cons involved—they should not have these too often until they are somewhat older, they will have to abide by this decision until such times as their parents believe it can be changed. And the same goes for individual dates. Time marches on, however, and fifteen-year-olds are sixteen and seventeen before they know it! All sorts of reasons may come up why older parental decisions might be replaced by newer ones. Most sensible teenagers feel—just as does Pauline—that it is really much more fun to have social experiences about which their families know and which they approve and understand.

My parents are quite fair in most ways. Except about my going to bed! But all my friends go to bed around 10 o'clock. I have to go at 9 o'clock. I am perfectly healthy and have no reason to go to bed early. What time should a girl my age go to bed and should she go to bed early if all her friends go later?
—Muriel N., aged 11½, Maryland.

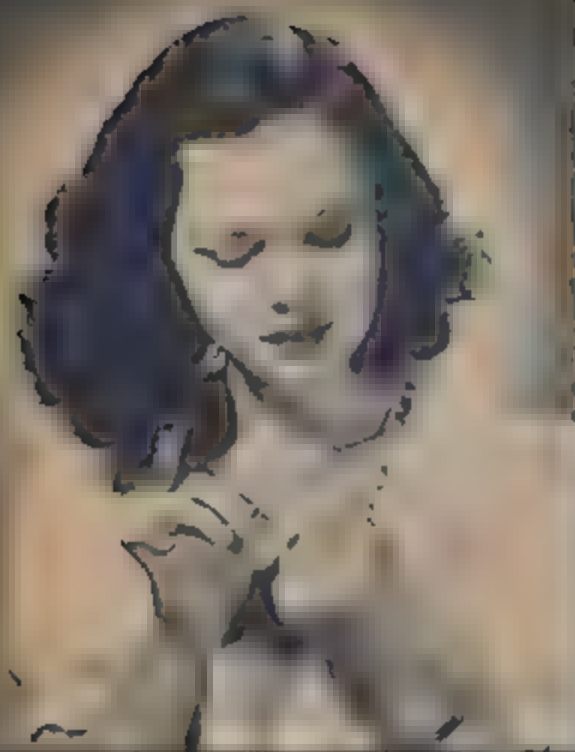
WE HAVE learned that young people are not the same in their need for sleep—any more than they are alike in other respects. That is to say that not only do children need much more sleep when they are very, very young than they do

later on but the exact number of hours really does vary for both tiny and older girls and boys. Usually parents learn to know the needs of their own girls and boys and can tell pretty well when they are getting either too little or too much rest. On the other hand, some of them are a bit "over-anxious" about this—fearing that their children won't get as much rest and relaxation as they need in the growing years.

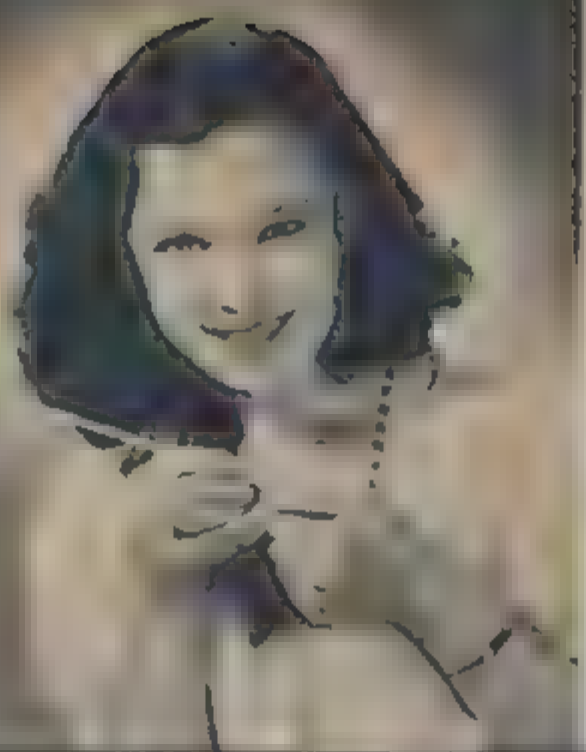
Muriel's mother might permit Muriel to stay up let's say a half hour longer—just for the purposes of experiment. Or, perhaps a difference could be made between bedtime on school and on weekend nights—since Muriel could stay in bed longer on Saturdays and Sundays. We cannot help wondering, however, whether Muriel really feels she's getting too much sleep or is just concerned lest "something is being put over" on her and she is not being permitted to enjoy the greater privileges of her friends. Often the "rumors" about greater freedom of choice are quite exaggerated—and if one actually tried to gather "statistics," one would discover that really and truly one's friends have to endure their restrictions, too! It is natural to want to be like one's friends—but one must be sure to have the facts about them straight.

We do not know how early Muriel has to get up on school mornings nor how much sleep she really requires. She should be willing and glad to accept the kind of going-to-bed schedule which seems best for her.

Some Fun!
Read a New
CALLING
ALL GIRLS
(Every Month!)



Gloria Jean, youthful star of "Never Been Kissed," has the situation well in hand with her emery board.



No dry chafe or rough hangnails for movie star Glenda who treats her nails gently with an orangewood stick dipped in warm oil.



With smooth strokes, she applies a brushful of polish that will make her nails just as sparkling as her future.

Show YOUR HAND

By NELL GILES

Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"

TO MAKE a promise, to wave hello or goodbye, to say that you know the answer, to vote on whether or not the class should give that party, you raise your right hand. A show of hands can just about settle things for you, one way or another. Too bad, sometimes, too. But it does make a girl stop and take a look at her hands. Whether or not your own bright future can be read from those funny humps and lines, you can tell a lot about your past from the appearance of your hands today—and they can help brighten your future.

Your friends don't have to be crystal gazers to tell that nubby nails with the "edges bitten down to the quick denote a Fanny-fidget trait in your past. Those corny places at the sides of each finger near the nail base just say: "Poor me! This girl gives me no support! She files her nails right down to the edge at the sides and no wonder I get tough being here on the edge of things with nothing to save me from hard wear!" And



Movie actresses have to be sure that their hands fit in with the rest of the picture. You can see that lovely young Joan Leslie doesn't take chances with hers.

nail polish half on and half off says quick as a flash that you're careless, and that good grooming, in your little world, is something that happens just for special occasions, which is a sad fact to be broadcasting.

There's a rosy future in store for any girl who makes her hands beautiful, and keeps them clean. Hands are the most feminine, most graceful, most sensitive part of your appearance, and with even an ounce of care you can shape them into something special.

Everyone should have an emery board and an orangewood stick of her own. An emery board is a file made of sand paper. It's better for your nails than a metal file, because it's gentle and won't split or break them.

Scissors have no place in a manicure kit but an orangewood stick is an essential. It is just what the name says—a stick made of the wood of the orange tree—with flat ends for pushing back cuticle. Cuticle is that hairline of skin around the

place the nail grows in and it should never be cut or pushed with metal. Always use only an orange-wood stick dipped in any kind of oil, and you'll have no dry cuticle, no hang-nails, no white marks which show that the nail has been bruised. Hang-nails are the tough tips of cuticle which get thick at the ends and stick out at the sides of the nail. But even the toughest can be softened and subdued by being pushed back twice a week with an orangewood stick dipped in warm oil.

Nail polish is like lipstick: if it is overdone, it can look pretty cheap; if it doesn't match or blend with the colors in your clothes, it can be ghastly; and if it is not put on neatly, it is really bad. Once you make up your mind to wear it, have it entirely on or entirely off. No half and half ragged measure!

And about when to start wearing it and how bright a color to choose, we can only say, as we did about lipstick, that there is no minimum age. Neither is there a rule that bright nail polish is taboo in all parts of the country. It's safe to start by the good old-fashioned method of buffing your nails. In this as in other aspects of good grooming, it's a good idea to be conservative. If everybody in your crowd wears pink polish, you'll look like Lady Macbeth if you choose bright red. Much better to be distinguished for quiet good taste any day. This is real smoothness.

If you wear a pale polish, take off the entire tip with one curved stroke of cleansing tissue held tight over the forefinger, for a light polish over the end of the nail lets the tip show through. Fashion has it that when you wear a bright polish, it's all right to cover the entire nail and leave no moon or tip showing.

The best way to put on nail enamel is the old steady take-it-slowly method. If you're leaving the moon unpolished, make the first stroke with a



brushful of color across the nail, to mark off the moon; a second stroke, lengthwise, will cover the nail neatly. Try to do the whole thing in two strokes to give the perfect, mirror-smooth finish. Then that curved stroke across the tip with cleansing tissue. If you're of the cover-the-entire-nail school, start at the base of the nail and go in one straight, slow line to the edge, lengthwise.

There's a way to pick the most flattering color for your hands; if your skin has a hint of yellow in it, don't wear polish on the lavender side. The contrast makes your skin look bright yellow. Red tones make your hands look whiter, and pale pink gives them a tea-cup delicacy.

As for the shape of your nails, it's true that long, oval nails make your hands look longer, but so do they split and break more easily. And they're not very practical for everyday use! It's much safer to leave a substantial base at the sides.

But maybe your nails aren't long enough to file. If you bite your nails and think you are a hopeless case, just keep on biting them—all but one. Polish this one off with a lovely color, pamper it and wheedle it into growing long and beautiful. And then sometime next Tuesday, pick for promotion the same nail on the other hand. Apply the polish with the greatest care. Each week, always on the same day, add one new finger to your collection of nails. Always put the polish on as soon as you've decided which nail it shall be. Bite only the nails you have left without

color. This color guide as to which should and which shouldn't be chewed, will break even the most confirmed nail-biter! Good luck to you!

But there's more to showing your hand attractively than just filing and polishing. Scrub your hands with a rich soapy lather. Then rinse off every bit of soap, and pat your hands dry. Follow this by massaging a hand cream or lotion gently all over the hands and especially about the knuckles and the rough spots. Have your own jar of cream or lotion—and dip into it frequently.

If you follow all this advice, your next show-of-hands should settle things the right way for you!

Tell us what is your greatest problem in being smooth. As many as possible will be answered in the pages of this magazine. Address your letters to The Make-the-Most-of-Your-Looks Department, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York.



**Don't Let Surface
PIMPLES
Get You Down!
JUST DO THIS...**

When you're troubled with embarrassing surface pimples that often cause you to shy away from all the fun—just do this as thousands of happy young girls and boys have for over thirty-five years. Put your faith in Poslam Ointment and Soap. First thoroughly cleanse face with non-alkali Poslam Soap, then apply medicated Poslam Ointment—the surprising results will delight you, for Poslam starts to work right away! You know Poslam must be good, for over 18 million packages have been sold—costs so little at druggists everywhere.

Get Poslam today and get results!

A recent survey made among nurses from coast to coast showed that 96% approved Poslam for the claims made for it; recommended by doctors!



FREE: Generous ointment sample—write to Poslam, Dept K-6, 254 W. 54th St., N. Y. C.

[POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT]

CAR CRAZY

(Continued from page 9)

to think some more. Suddenly she jumped up and gave Mrs. Herera a hug of excitement. She had a plan she knew would work.

"Look," she said. "I was talking to him before you came out, and what I said will keep him from suspecting. After I've gone, tell him my father often beats the tar out of me for stealing. Tell him Dad has to pay people money all the time to keep me from being turned over to the police. Remember—Dad's scared of cops. 'Bye.'"

She leaped up and was gone before Mrs. Herera could answer.

At the turn of the hill, Patsy crouched behind a clump of bushes and waited. She caught a glimpse of Mrs. Herera climbing the stone steps again. When she heard no voices after a few minutes, she was quite sure the man had gone to sleep.

Stealthily she crawled toward the top of the hill again. At last she was behind the wheel of the sleek convertible. A look fixed the ignition key, choke, starter, and throttle in her mind. She'd been worried about the key, hoping that a man who was on the run would leave his car all ready for a getaway. He had.

She released the emergency brake. Was there enough slope here at the top? Yes, the car was moving a bit—now more. The tires whirled noiselessly in the soft dust, but she turned immediately onto the grass so that no pebble could fly against a fender. The car handled like new-churned butter. She could hardly wait to put it into gear. Better hold off till near the bottom of the slope. If only the exhaust didn't pop!

Now—she turned the ignition key, slipped into high, gave three or four quick shoves on the throttle, and took her foot off the clutch. With only a faint cough the engine started to purr as quietly as a kitten.

Patsy glanced into the mirror. The yard behind was empty, so even Mrs. Herera

hadn't heard her go. She could only hope that the man would be fooled about her real reason for taking the car. He knew she was wild about driving—she'd told him so herself. Surely, surely Mrs. Herera would remember to add that she often stole things and that Dad always kept away from the police. That way the man would be angry but not suspicious.

Patsy wanted to hug the wheel instead of holding it lightly. Imagine Chike's face when he saw her driving this buggy through town! She couldn't bear it if he weren't on Main Street where she could honk at him. Maybe he wouldn't

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE AUTHOR

of this story says her "first solo drive was the most exciting thing that ever happened" to her. Next biggest thrill, her first job . . . on the old Forum Magazine. Since then most of her working days have been spent in one field or another of the publishing and writing business.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

be so pompous about the law after this.

But wasn't she, after all, on the way to the sheriff's office to demand help from the law? Oh, skip it.

But after a while she managed to recapture the thrill of rolling peacefully along. No use not to enjoy yourself while you could. Still, she didn't look for Chike on Main Street. She was too busy minding the rules of erratic small-town traffic.

Someone on the courthouse steps pointed out the sheriff to her, and in another minute she was standing before a tall, lanky man.

"Look," Patsy said slowly and distinctly, for she'd rehearsed it three times. "First I'd better confess that I stole a man's car and drove it without a license. I'm not old enough to have a license. I'm sorry, but I just had to do it." The sheriff looked at her with a kind of half-smile, and he raised one eyebrow without saying any-

thing. "I know it sounds crazy, but I think the car belongs to a spy the government is looking for, and you'd better go right out to Herera's and get him."

"Go on," said the sheriff kindly. "We'll take up your case later, miss. What makes you think you've caught a spy?"

Patsy told him, and before she was through he had started to his office.

"This checks with a call that came in this morning," he said. "Parker, you find Williams and Frank and go ahead. You can get to Herera's by way of the creek without being seen."

As Patsy came out of the courthouse with the sheriff a few minutes later, she saw a familiar sombrero on the steps.

"Pat!" Chike cried. "Whatever made you do it?" Then to the sheriff, "Can't you let her off this time, sir? She . . . she . . ." He stopped, embarrassed.

Patsy couldn't help her wicked satisfaction. She pretended to look very dejected. But the sheriff was already starting the stolen convertible.

"Don't worry. I've given her a suspended sentence, son," he called to Chike. "And when I get back, I'll fix her up an honorary driver's license."

Chike pushed back his sombrero in amazement. "Well, sir," he said, "crime certainly paid in Patsy's case!"

"It wasn't crime that paid," shouted the sheriff as he drove off. "It was catching a criminal that paid!"

"Uh-huh, he really means it," Patsy answered the question Chike was too speechless to ask. "Come on, let's get going and I'll tell you all about it. She gave him a push toward the old roadster at the curb. "He's returning a car I swiped. If we hustle, maybe we can meet him coming back."

Chike made a noise like words and climbed slowly in behind the wheel. Patsy squinted her eyes, and then she came around to the left side.

"I'm driving, friend," she said. "Move over."

Chike looked startled, then grinned slowly—and moved.

GADGETS FOR GIRLS

FASHION FADS GIRLS CREATE

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

NOW is your chance to share your bright ideas about fashions with other girls all over the country. Send as many Gadgets for Girls as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, and literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Be sure to state your name, address, and age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Socks With a Sock—Take two empty walnut shells, drill tiny holes in the tops, and put a piece of yarn through the holes. What gives? Why, a pair of castanets. Attach them to the top of your socks and you'll sound like a gay señorita.—Marilyn Green, Fairfield, Conn. If you don't want to walk home, sock your carfare away. Take a small piece of felt or some other firm material, embroider the edges together to make a little envelope-shaped purse, and sew on snaps so that it can be attached to the top of your sock. It's not only sporty but handy.—Teresa Schirmer, Elizabeth, N. J.

Look For These Soon In CALLING ALL GIRLS

LEDA AND HER DUCKS

The story of a girl whose life was complicated by alligators!

THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

Their new activities promise plenty of headaches . . . and laughs.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

A lot of bright ideas for things to do on those long summer days.

Plus new and wonderful comics, stories, articles you expect to see in
CALLING ALL GIRLS

A 12" Waist—If you want to measure up to the newest fads, make yourself a belt out of a ruler. All you need is a twelve-inch ruler—a very, very thin wooden or plastic one—and a piece of ribbon and a stapler. Cut the ruler in two-inch lengths, and staple between the pieces equal lengths of ribbon long enough to make the belt fit your waist, with ribbon tie for the front. It really adds up to something!—Lorraine Poirier, Waterville, Me.

Lapelling—It's a feather in your cap to put one in your lapel. Find a little feather, dip the end in ink, and fasten to your lapel. The miniature quill-pen pin is really quite ducky.—Ailsa Frank, Calgary, Alta. If you've always wanted to be a twin, now is your chance to show up in duplicate. Get some two-inch high dolls at your local dime store and dress them in clothes matching your own. Then wear the miniature of yourself on your lapel. It's quite startling.—Peggy Mendenhall, Stillwater, Okla. Or if you don't want to wear yourself around, cut out the heads from snapshots of your friends, reinforce them with cardboard or wood, attach pipe cleaner bodies, and pin them on. Very silly.—Dorothy Johnston, Toronto, Ont.

All Keyed Up!—If you have a diary key that is precious to you, don't risk leaving it about. Hang it on a chain around your neck. It will make a neat little necklace.—Audrey Philp, Winnipeg, Man. Or if you're not so interested in keeping keys, fasten your cute novelty key chains in the button holes of your jerkins or plain blouses. If they're novel enough, they will add a lot of zip.—Patricia Osborn, Marion, Ohio.



No patterns required for these super skirts and blouses; even an inexperienced sewer can make them. Send for free instruction sheets to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. Please enclose 3c stamp to cover postage.

JUST CUT OUT FOR SUMMER

Patchwork



Applique



Mexicana



Rhumba



PATCHWORK — Five different cotton prints in $\frac{1}{4}$ -yard pieces each (or any odd pieces of fabrics in Mother's scrap bag) will turn out to look like this. If you follow the easy directions.

APPLIQUE — Help your country conserve needed dye chemicals by making a skirt and blouse of unbleached muslin. Any scraps of flower print (any old draperies around?) for your appliques.

SEWING BOX

- 1—If your cottons are not pre-shrunk allow for shrinkage or shrink the material before you cut your garment.
- 2—In inserting zippers ease the fabric onto the tape to prevent fastener from buckling. Use cord footing on sewing machine.
- 3—Be sure your sewing machine needle is suitable for your fabric.
- 4—Use pinking shears to prevent fraying of seam edges.
- 5—Press each seam as it is finished.

MEXICANA—Gay cotton prints, like the Cloth of Gold percales shown at the top of the page, are perfect for our Mexican flounce skirt and bow blouse. Instructions will tell you how to make them.

RHUMBA—Three shades of one color in any sturdy cotton will give you that South American "oomph" in skirt and poncho blouse. They look like a million—they cost little, the gay decorates!

Bathing Beauties

By **NANCY PEPPER**
Fashion Editor

"Fair and warmer," says the weather man. That means fun in the sun for all of you, especially if there's a beach or a pool near-by. If last year's suits look droopy and faded, visit the teen department of your favorite store and see these 1942 bathing beauties. They're mighty good at figures—especially teen figures. And—each one is a real water baby.



From top to bottom

SUPER SWIMMER—Knitted swim suit of rayon, cotton, and Lastex by Regal. Keeps its shape and yours, too. About \$3.50. Deb-Robe's knee length white terry coat is the last word in beach fashions!

DARLING DOTTER—Do go near the water in this twin print searucker charmer with Lastex shirred waist, attached panties. By Regal, under \$4. Kerner's sun-guard hat (very flattering, too) and play shoes.

SEE'N' STARS—White satin Lastex sleek as a seal, with embroidered red and blue stars is the Regal formula for mermaid glamour. About \$4.50. Kleiner's rubberless turban with self pompon, starred bag.

PATSY PATCHES—They look like crazy-quilt patches, but they're really printed percale. A drift suit, about \$2, terry lined coat about \$3. Both designed for teens by Deb-Robe for teens who love color.

If you have any trouble finding these Bathing Beauties in your town, write to:
Nancy Pepper, Fashion Editor
CALLING ALL GIRLS
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York

Make 'em and Wear 'em

HERE'S everything you need for a good old summertime—and, best of all, they are all fashions that you can make for yourselves. We have selected them for you because they are perfectly styled and sized for teens, they are easy to make and fun to wear. Be sure you fit them properly to yourself, press your seams as you go along, take time with the finishing touches.

With all the fun of making these, just think how little they will cost you. A whole summer wardrobe within your budget. Be prepared for the summertime by starting them now and sewing at your leisure.

#1345 Your favorite middy blouse with skirt and slacks. Make them of white spun rayon or sharkskin, red and blue trimmed.

#2514 Make a short skirt and a long one to this midriff top for a double-duty day-and-night outfit. Large cotton prints are smartest.

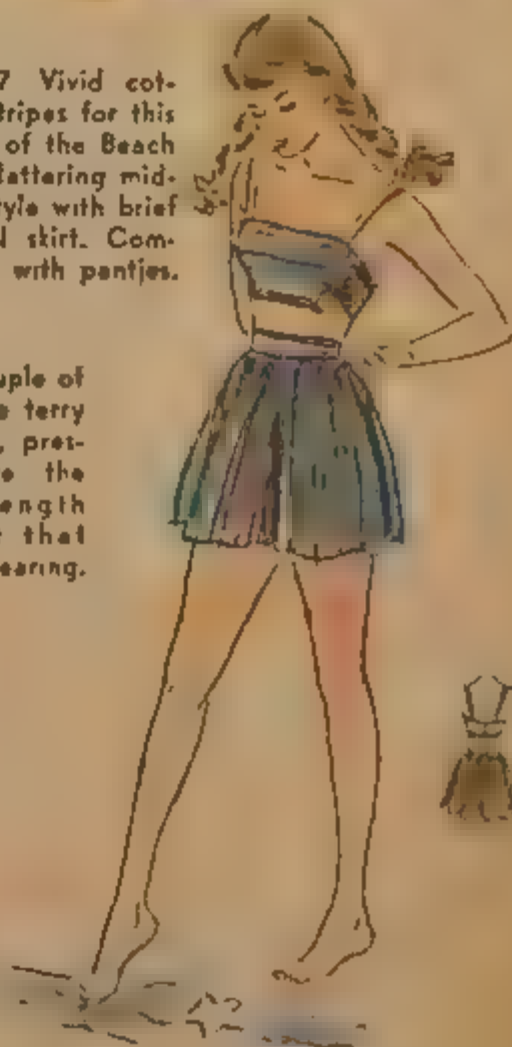
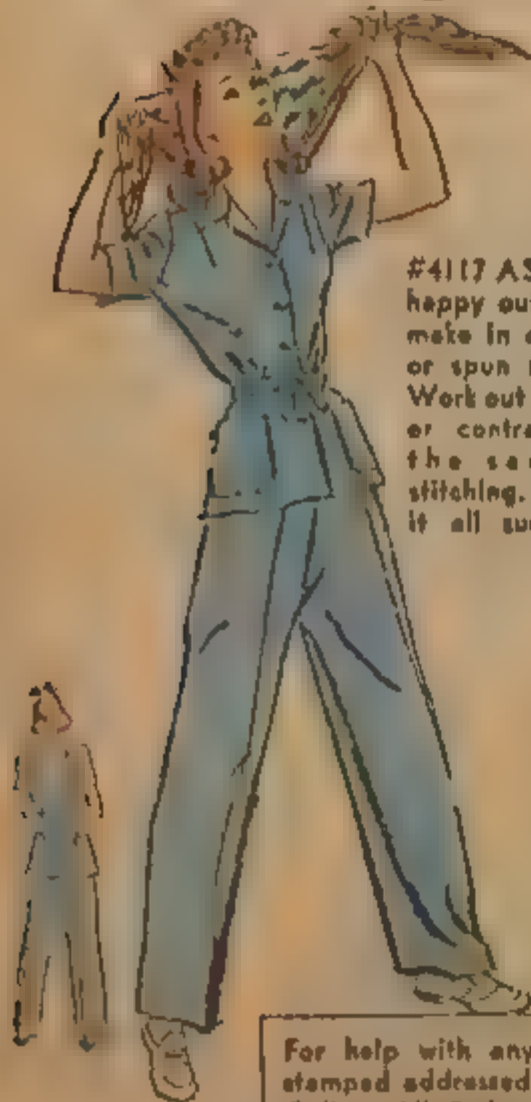


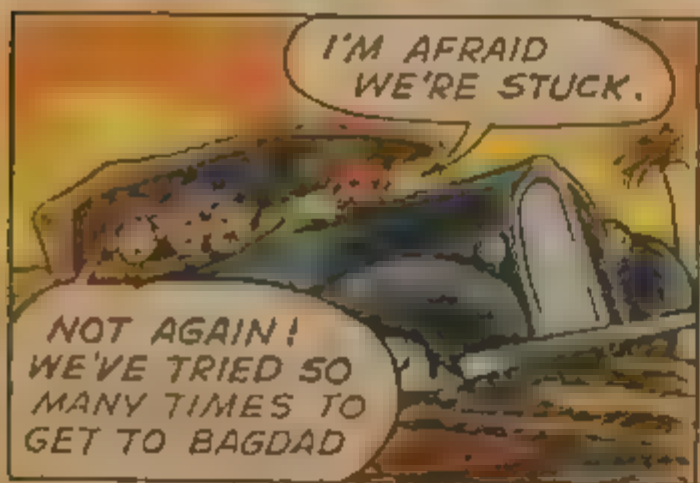
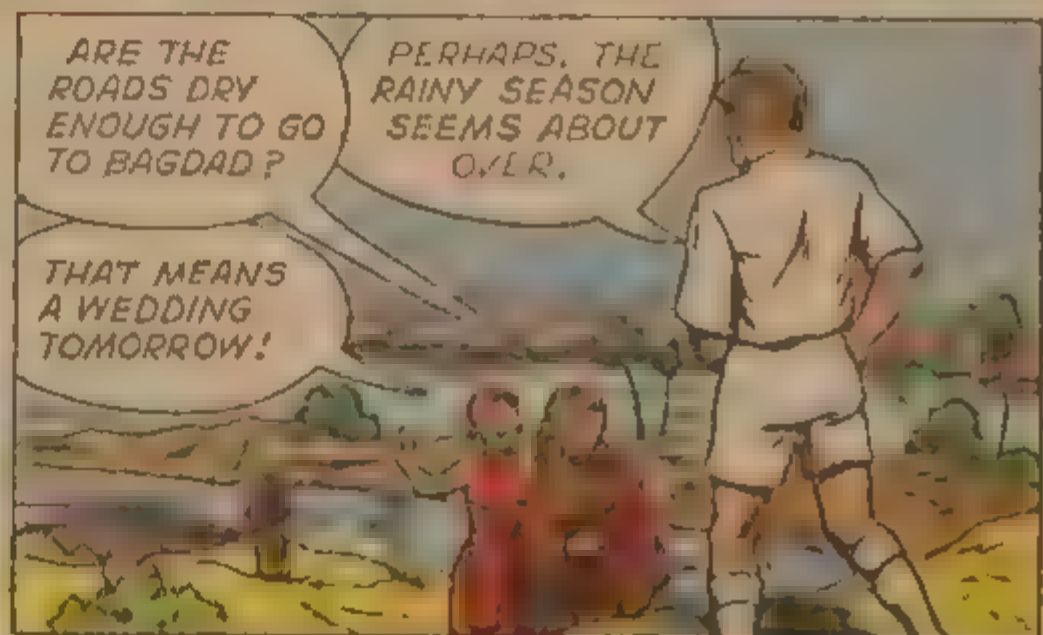
#4637 Vivid cotton stripes for this Belle of the Beach—a flattering midriff style with brief dirndl skirt. Complete with panties.

#1836 A couple of yards of white terry toweling, and, presto, you have the new knee-length beach coat that everyone is wearing.

#4117 A Slacks-happy outfit to make in cotton or spun rayon. Work out a color contrast in the saddle stitching. Wear it all summer!

For help with any sewing problems, send stamped addressed envelope to Sewing Box, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. The harder your questions, the more we enjoy answering 'em!





BAGDAD AT LAST ...

I DO.

AT LAST RUTH HAS MARRIED HER ENGLISHMAN.

DOUGLAS HAS ALMOST FINISHED HIS WORK HERE, HELEN. WE WILL HAVE TO MOVE TO BAGDAD.

LET'S MAKE A TRIP TO AMERICA, FIRST.

OH, RUTH, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL TO HAVE AN EXHIBIT OF OUR OWN?

YOU TWO HAVE ALWAYS TALKED OF SHOWING YOUR PICTURES. NOW YOU MUST WRITE!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW— THIS PUBLISHER WANTS US TO WRITE A BOOK ON IRAQ!

you can really write. As soon as you come to the office, we'll sign a contract

THEY SOLD THEIR FIRST BOOK, "WE MARRIED AN ENGLISHMAN."

THEY RETURNED TO A NEW HOME IN BAGDAD.

THIS IS A FINE PLACE FOR OUR TWENTY-SEVEN ANIMALS.

WE COULD EVEN LEAVE THEM HERE AND TAKE A LITTLE TRIP.

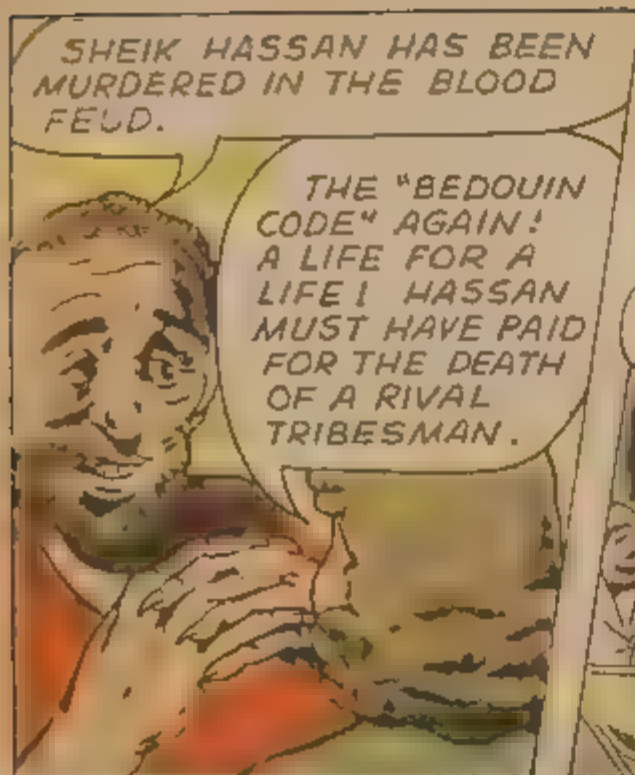
MEMSAHIB, MEMSAHIB!!

I'D LIKE TO VISIT A HAREM.

LET'S ASK SHEIK HASSAN WHEN WE SEE HIM TOMORROW.

SHEIK HASSAN HAS BEEN MURDERED IN THE BLOOD FELD.

THE "BEDOUIN CODE" AGAIN! A LIFE FOR A LIFE! HASSAN MUST HAVE PAID FOR THE DEATH OF A RIVAL TRIBESMAN.



BUT LATER, ANOTHER FRIEND...

I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU BOTH VISIT MY CAMP.

THANK YOU SHEIK FULAN.

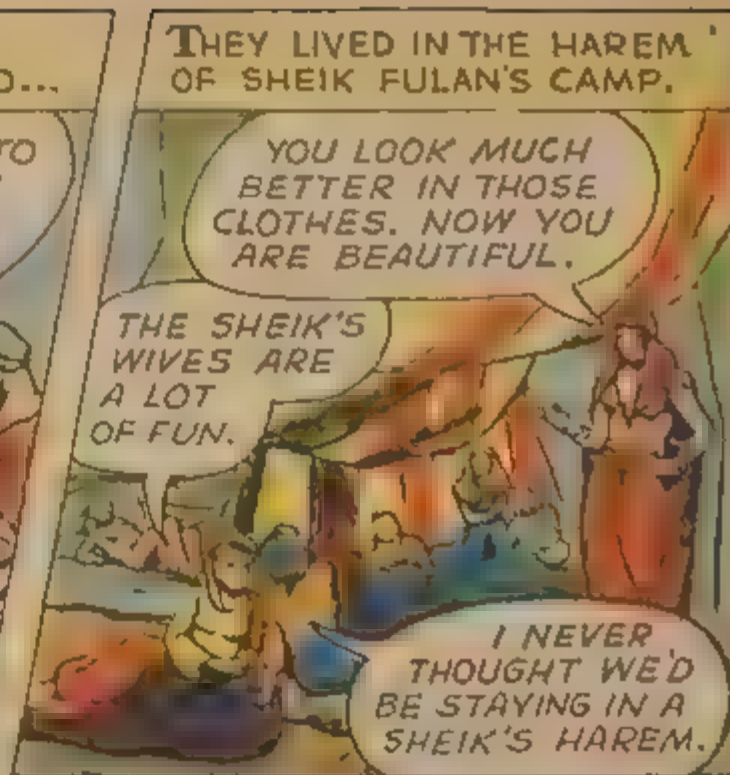


THEY LIVED IN THE HAREM OF SHEIK FULAN'S CAMP.

YOU LOOK MUCH BETTER IN THOSE CLOTHES. NOW YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL.

THE SHEIK'S WIVES ARE A LOT OF FUN.

I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BE STAYING IN A SHEIK'S HAREM.



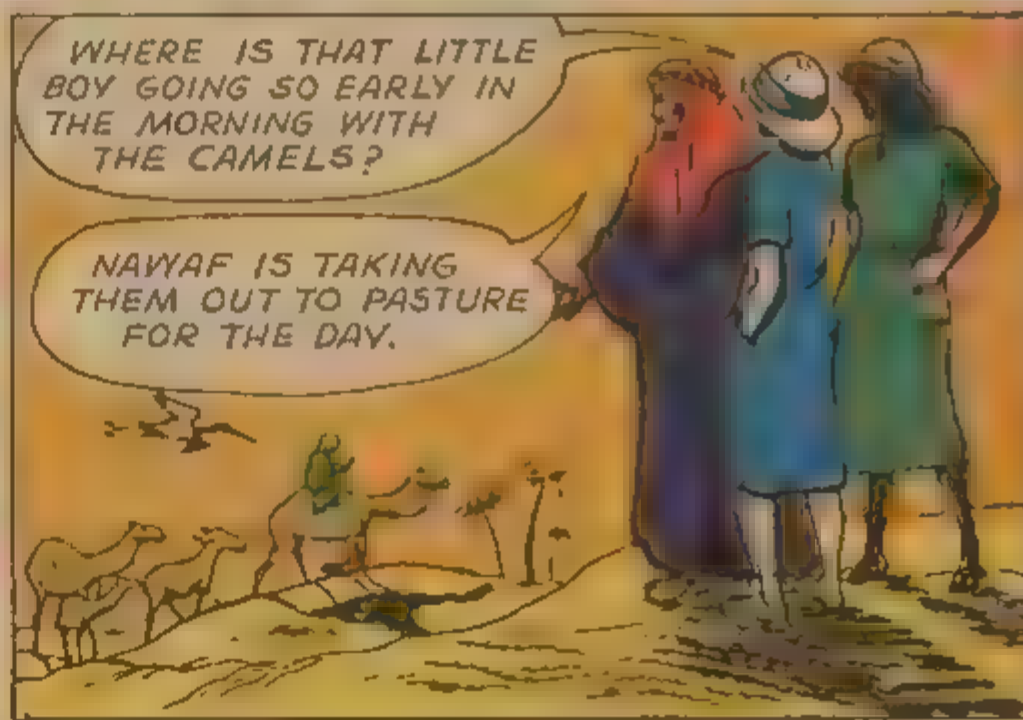
I'M GLAD I LEARNED ARABIC. WE'RE GETTING A LOT OF MATERIAL FOR A BOOK ABOUT LIFE IN A HAREM.

LET'S CALL IT "OUR ARABIAN NIGHTS."



WHERE IS THAT LITTLE BOY GOING SO EARLY IN THE MORNING WITH THE CAMELS?

NAWAF IS TAKING THEM OUT TO PASTURE FOR THE DAY.



LET'S WRITE A BOOK ABOUT NAWAF AND HIS PET STORK AND THE DONKEY, MAHMUD, AND THE CAMELS.

AND SO THEY WROTE "LITTLE ARAB ALI"



WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED, HELEN! DOUGLAS WRITES WE MUST RETURN TO AMERICA!



THE HOFFMAN TWINS HAVE PROVED TWIN CLAIMS TO FAME—PAINTING AND WRITING.

WON'T IT BE WONDERFUL WHEN THE WAR IS OVER AND I CAN GO BACK TO DOUGLAS AND IRAQ!



EVERYDAY COMPANY MANNERS

SALLY HILL IS THE MOST POPULAR HOSTESS BECAUSE SHE HAS A WARM GREETING FOR EVERYBODY.

SALLY, HOW'S THIS FOR LOOT?

SWELL, LIBBY... SO GLAD YOU COULD COME, TOM.



SALLY RATES WITH HER FRIEND'S FAMILY. CHUCK SAYS SHE'S A GOOD SPORT; MR. COWLES, SHE'S A GOOD LISTENER; MRS. COWLES, SHE'S THOUGHTFUL.

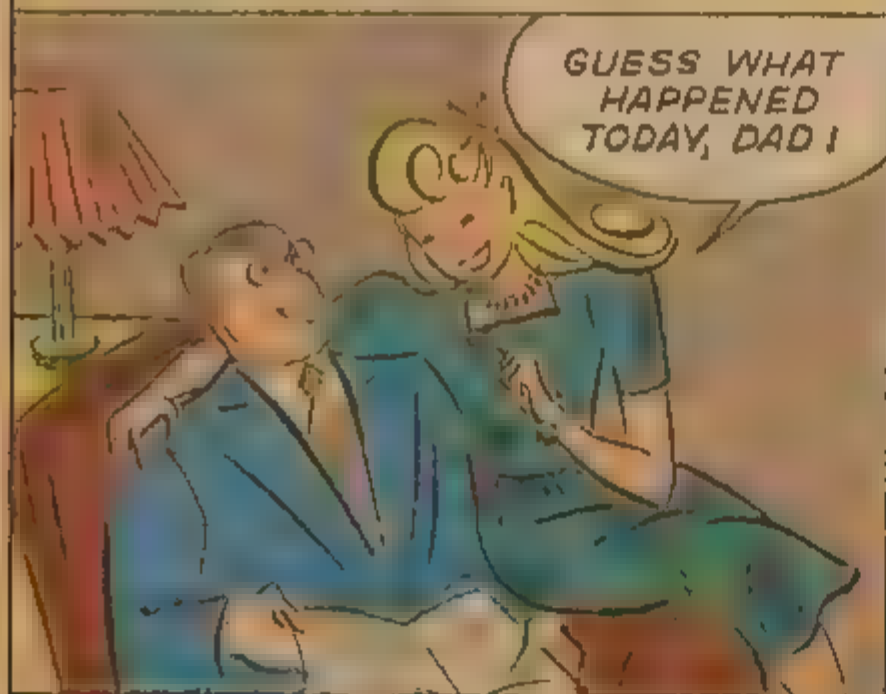
I HAD A GRAND TIME, MRS. COWLES.

COME AGAIN SOON, SALLY.



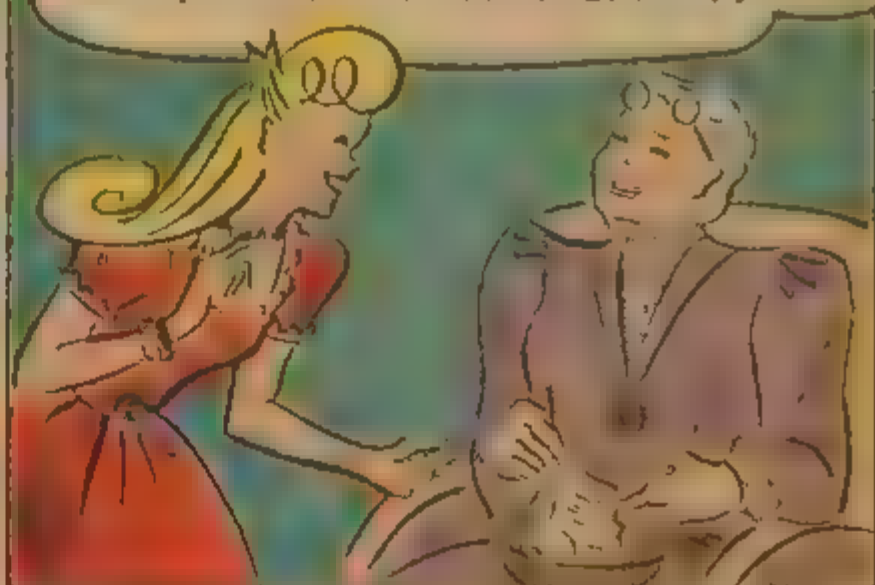
SALLY TREATS HER FATHER AS A PERSON, NOT JUST AS THE FAMILY BANKER AND CAR OWNER.

GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TODAY, DAD!



SALLY FINDS THAT RUNNING ERRANDS CHEERFULLY IS NO TRICK AND IS GOOD FOR THE FIGURE.

I'D BE GLAD TO GET YOUR GLASSES, GRAN, BUT YOU HAVE THEM ON!



CAN'T you just hear Ruth wailing: "I don't know why I'm not as popular as Sally. I'm prettier than she is and I have a better figure. What's wrong?"

It didn't take much research for Sally to discover that life at home is a dress rehearsal for life outside. Instead of looking on her father as an old fuddy-duddy, and her brother as a pest, she remembers that they are males who, properly approached, can give her a lot of

pointers. Brother Ken, in particular, is pretty thick with the other males in the crowd and Sally doesn't cut short his stories because she knows her interested attention will make an ally of him and, furthermore, when Chuck and the other boys talk about the baseball tryouts or track, thanks to brother Ken, Sally will be in the know. If Ruth tried building up her brother Ted instead of breaking him down, she might find she'd develop that much-needed

ed line of gab for other boys. After all, even Ty Grant is just a brother to some girl.

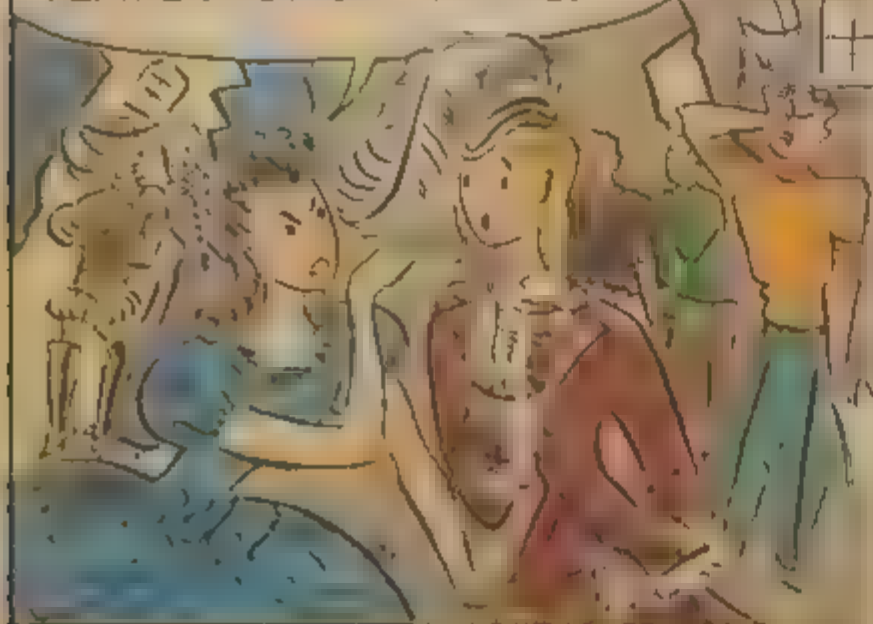
What is Sally's reputation around town? The girls say she's "smooth"; the boys agree she's "swell", the grown-up world pronounces her "charming." And Ruth? "Waspish," the girls dismiss her; "as companionable as a keep off the grass sign," complain the boys turning thumbs down; "ill-bred," frown the adults.

Do you hold membership

Win over your public by an at-home workout for your manners

DRESS REHEARSAL IS HECTIC, BUT NOBODY MINDS EXCEPT RUTH WHO HAS A SHARP TONGUE FOR THE GIRLS, AND NONE FOR THE BOYS.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GET THAT FEATHER OUT OF MY FACE!



RUTH WANTS TO IMPRESS TY GRANT'S MOTHER, AND SHE DOES—BUT THE WRONG WAY.

I'LL GET THE OTHER WOOL, MRS. GRANT.

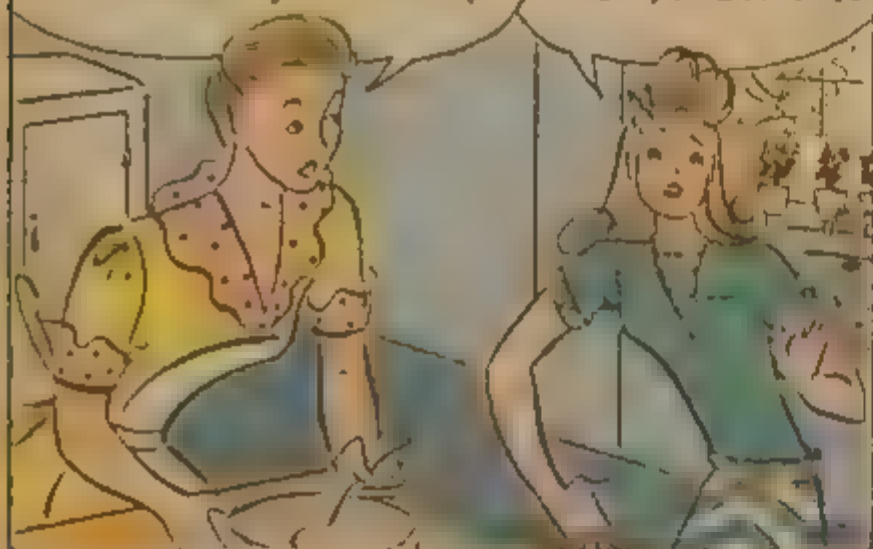
IF RUTH WOULD EMERGE FROM HER DREAM, SHE'D GET IT.



IF RUTH KNEW HOW TO IMPRESS HER OWN MOTHER, SHE'D HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE WITH ANYONE ELSE'S.

RUTH, DEAR, RUN DOWN TO THE STORE FOR BREAD, PLEASE?

YOU'D THINK ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RUN, MOTHER!



RUTH THINKS HER BROTHER IS A LOW FORM OF LIFE CREATED SOLELY TO PLAGUE HER AND BE PLAGUED.

WITH THAT TIE, YOU OUGHT TO BE A POLICEMAN; YOU WOULDN'T NEED A WHISTLE TO STOP TRAFFIC.



in the Sally Sorority or in the Ruth Ring? If you have any doubts, check yourself against this quiz: Are you generous with "please's" and "thank you's"? Do you volunteer, or wait to be drafted, when you can do helpful things about the house? Do you come punctually to meals as carefully washed and combed as you'd be if you were a guest or do you fly wildly in after everyone else, looking completely demoralized as far as your appearance is

concerned? Do you slam doors, windows, and drawers or have you discovered that the slamming doesn't help them to stay shut any more than a quiet job of closing? Do you scream bloody murder from one floor to the next just to ask your mother if your favorite suit came back from the cleaner, or do you walk at least half way toward her so that you can lower your voice? Do you leave your pajamas on the floor, a tide-line on the tub, and your

sweater on the handiest chair? Do you sometimes say complimentary things to your family?

The best manners won't put a curl in your hair, or add an inch to your lashes. But the day you can pass any quiz like ours with flying colors, you'll find that you do have a light in your eye, a spring in your step, and a smile on your face that comes from being sure of yourself and of what others will think of you. It's worth working for!

GUARDIAN of the BRIDGE

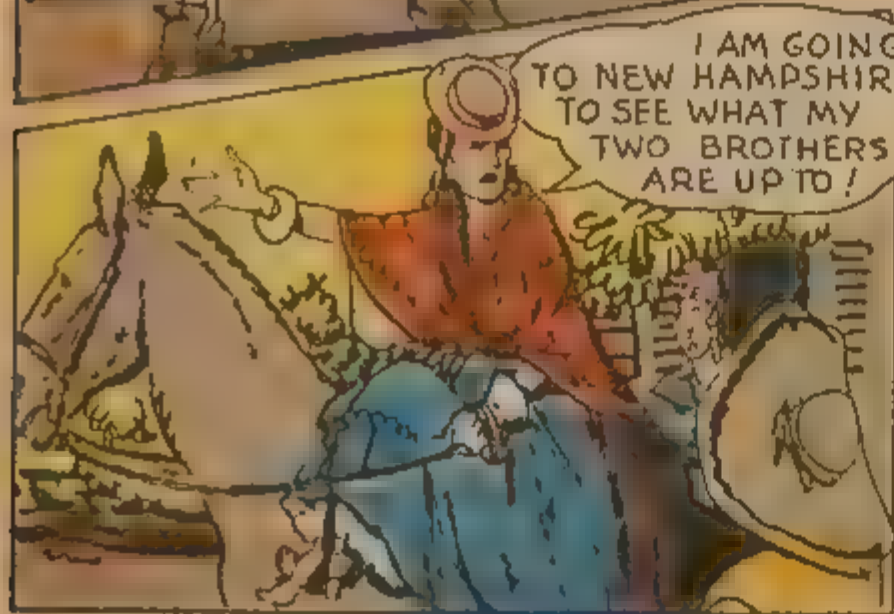
PRUDENCE CUMINGS WRIGHT
HEROINE OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION



IN APRIL, 1775 NEWS WAS BROUGHT TO PEPPERELL, MASS., OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

WE'VE DRIVEN THE REDCOATS BACK TO BOSTON, MRS. WRIGHT!

I NAMED MY SON "LIBERTY." MY HUSBAND AND I WILL HELP WIN LIBERTY!



I AM GOING TO NEW HAMPSHIRE TO SEE WHAT MY TWO BROTHERS ARE UP TO!

AT THE OLD HOME IN HOLLIS, N H

IT'S NO USE, PRUDENCE. I INTEND TO SUPPORT KING GEORGE!

I'M FOR THE KING, TOO!

THEN LOOK OUT, THOMAS AND SAMUEL CUMINGS! HOLLIS WILL SOON BE TOO HOT FOR YOU!

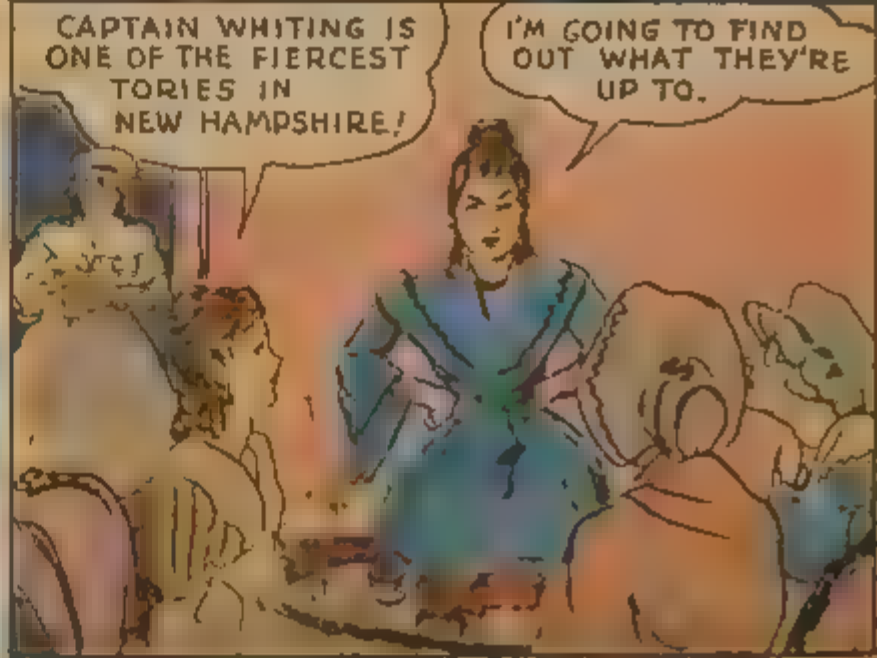


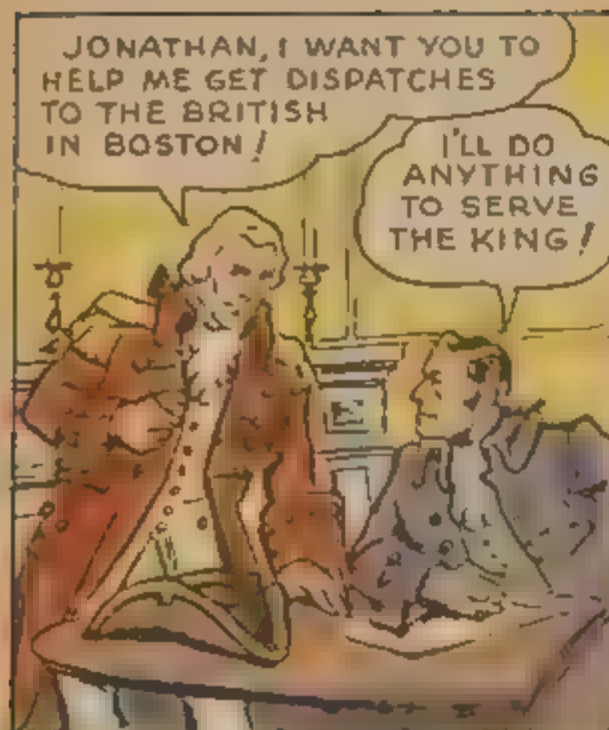
CAPTAIN WHITING IS HERE, JONATHAN

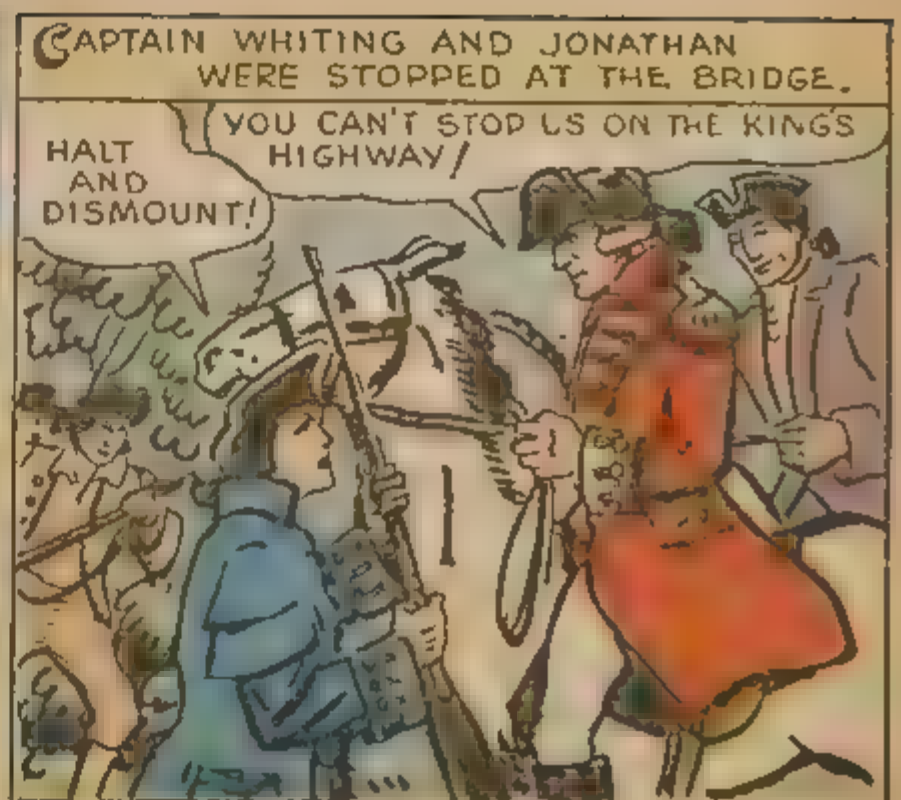
I'LL BE WITH HIM AT ONCE

CAPTAIN WHITING IS ONE OF THE FIERCEST TORIES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO.







AT BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN BOSTON..



GROTON IS PROUD OF YOU ALL! MRS. WRIGHT, THIS GRANT OF OVER SEVEN POUNDS IS TURNED OVER TO YOU AS SERGEANT OF THE GUARD.

WE WILL SPEND IT TO ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY!

FIRST DATE

(Continued from page 13)

friends. They didn't go the same places. What could they talk about? The doorbell rang.

She opened the door, and there was Allan, grinning his wide, taking grin.

"Hello, sugar," he greeted her.

"Hello," Barbara said. Her throat loosened. Her body felt light again. He'd changed his clothes. He'd dressed up, just as she had. Her smile shone out like a gleam of his. "Come in."

that leaves me?"

"Where?"

"I gotta be the chairman of that hop. What a blitz. Prob'ly gonna be a super-colossal flop."

She said: "It won't either. I bet it's going to be swell."

They smiled at each other, and he reached out and patted her shoulder. "That's talking, baby. If you say so, maybe it will be, huh?"

He flipped open his notebook, took the cap off his fountain pen. "Let's get this over with. What's it, now? A letter..."

"A letter to a French student

son. Allan went blithely on.

"Whaddya think about a paper bag dance as a stunt before the first dance?"

"That's a good idea." Barbara made her approval bright.

"But we gotta give it a new twist. Not just every couple racing down and grabbing a bag and popping it, but—what?"

"A shoe box scramble is fun and helps everybody mix," Barbara suggested, thoughtfully rolling her pencil under her chin. "Each girl drops one of her shoes in a big box which is carried down to the end of the floor where the boys are. Every boy grabs a shoe and runs to the other end to find the girl it belongs to. The prize goes to the first couple who get together."

"Boy, that's snazzy, sugar. What'll we give?"

"How about something the girl has to wear all evening? A funny hat would be cute."

"Boy, I'll bet this idea'll tickle Tess."

Barbara gulped back a sigh. Allan and Tess. It made her feel so out of the fun. But she smiled back at Allan.

"You got that hat, see, Barb?"

Here it was—the painful moment she'd hoped could be avoided. As lightly as she could she said, "Okay. If I go."

Allan leaned back and twiddled his pen. "You're gonna out this rug with me, aren't you?"

For a dazed instant she hardly understood. "Am I?"

Allan grinned. "Maybe it'll be a flop, but—it's a date, huh?"



To cover her uneasiness, she got up and hauled out a card table

In a minute or two they were sitting on the couch in the library and he was telling her what had made him late.

"I had to go over to the gym about the shag next Friday, and—tie this—Red Brewster's got the mumps!"

"No!" Barbara cried. Who was Red Brewster? What did it matter if he had the mumps or a set of kittens? To cover her uneasiness at such disgusting ignorance she got up and hauled out a card table.

"Rotten break, huh?" Allan took the table away from her and set it up. "You know where

our age," Barbara supplied.

"Here goes, the date: '22 Mai.' The day comes first, doesn't it?"

"Yeah. 'Mon cher ami.'"

Barbara giggled. "That's too affectionate."

"I'm going to dash off something." She flipped the grammar's pages to the vocabulary.

Allan watched her, and tapped his teeth with his pen.

"Listen, Barb. I gotta think up something special for this hop. Tess Johnson's the girls' chairman, and I don't want her to think I'm a ham, see?"

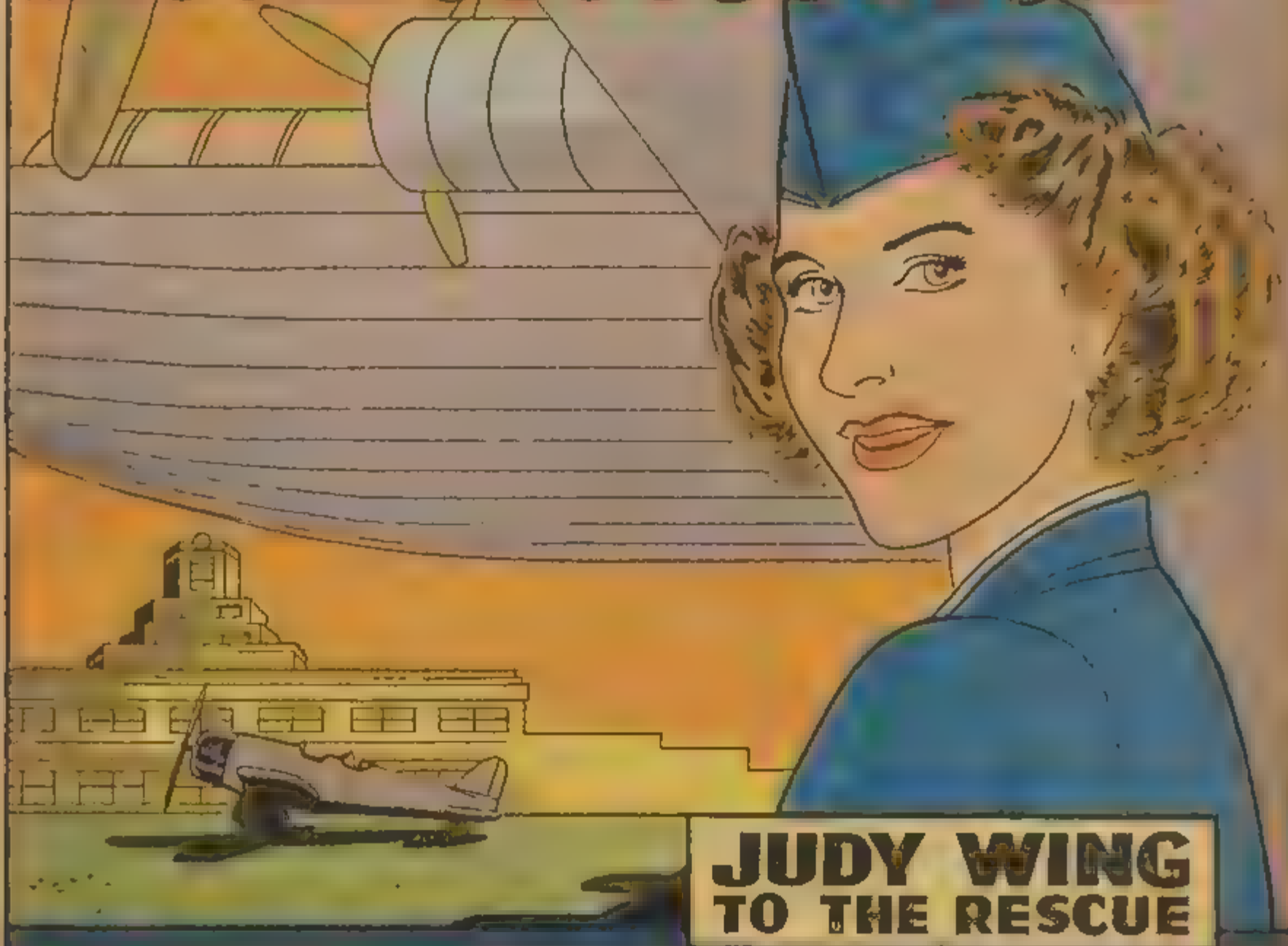
Barbara looked up slowly. So that's how it was. Tess John-

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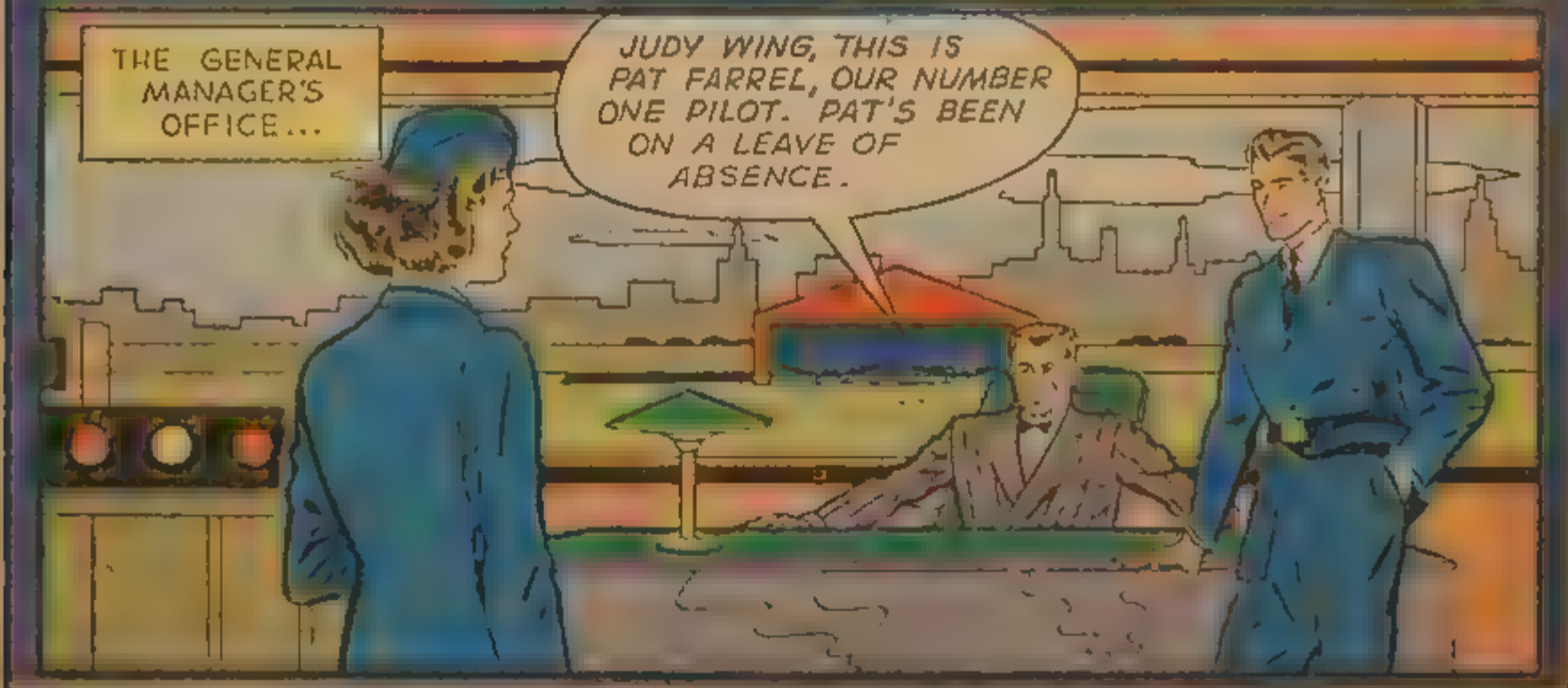
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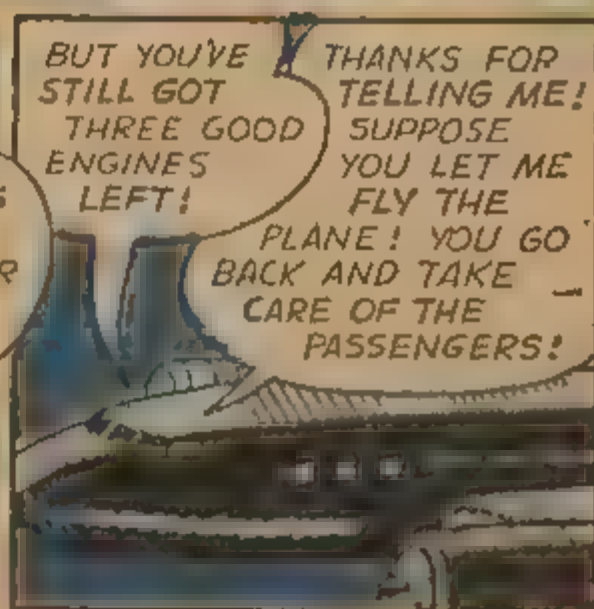
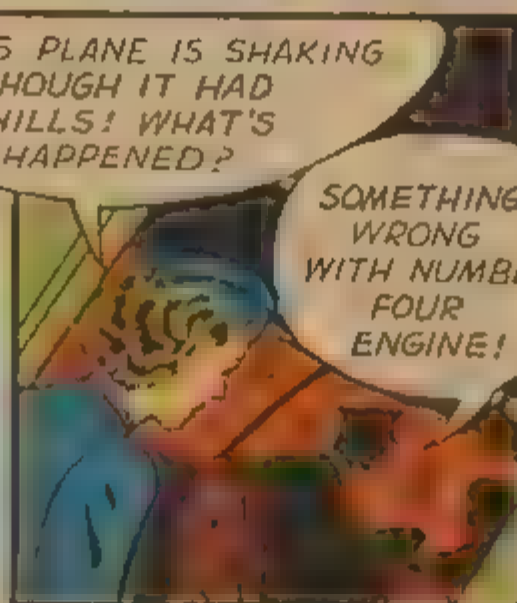
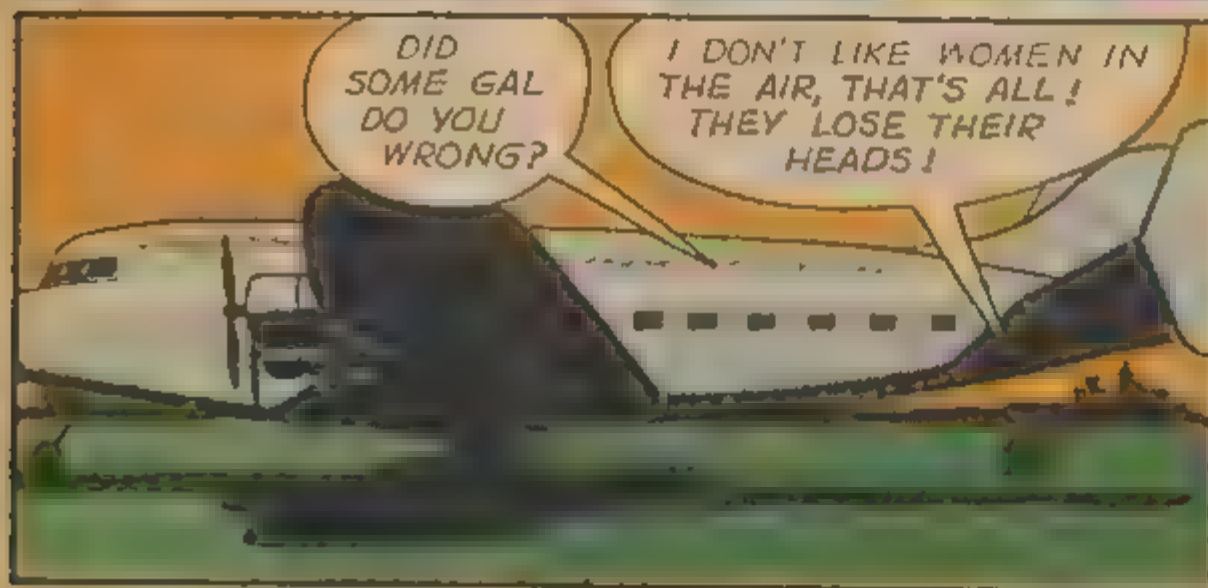
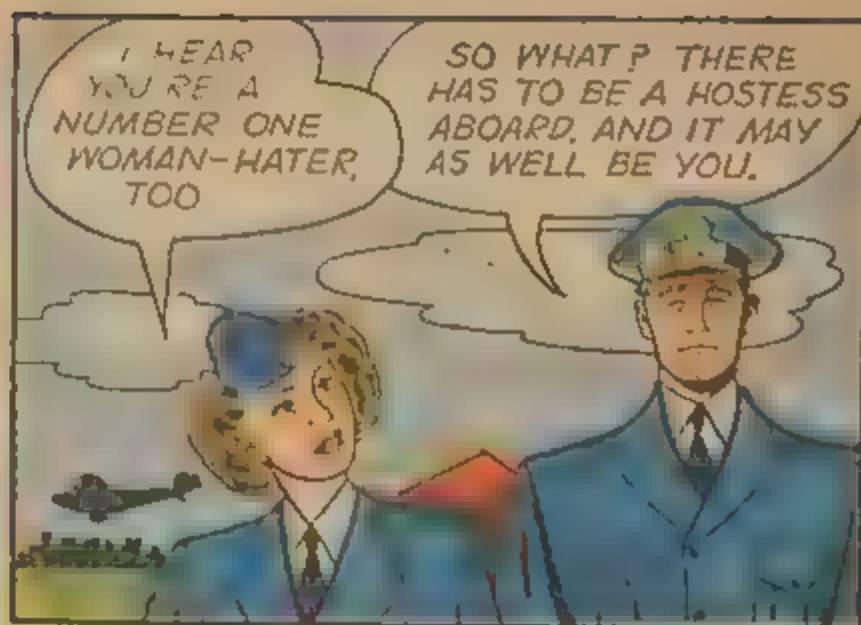
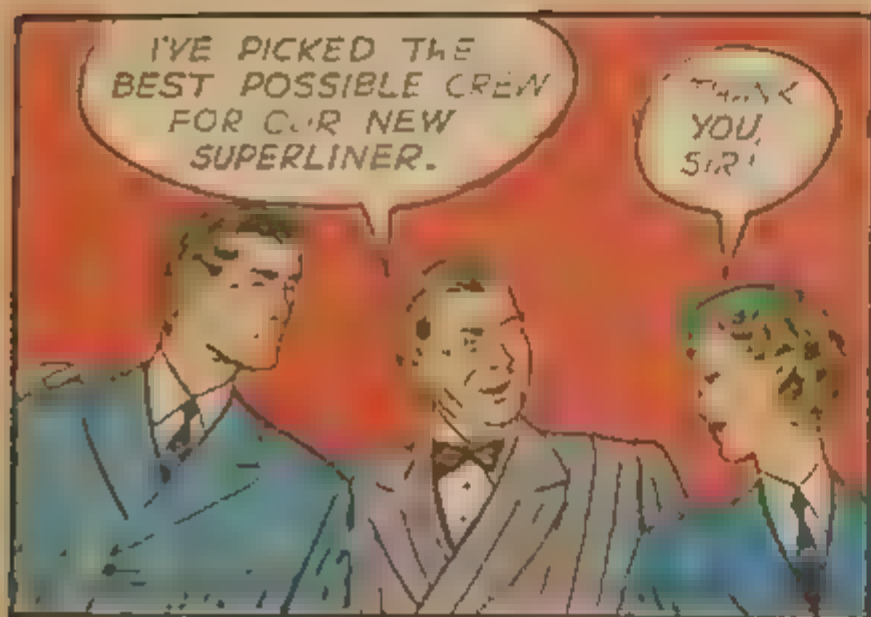


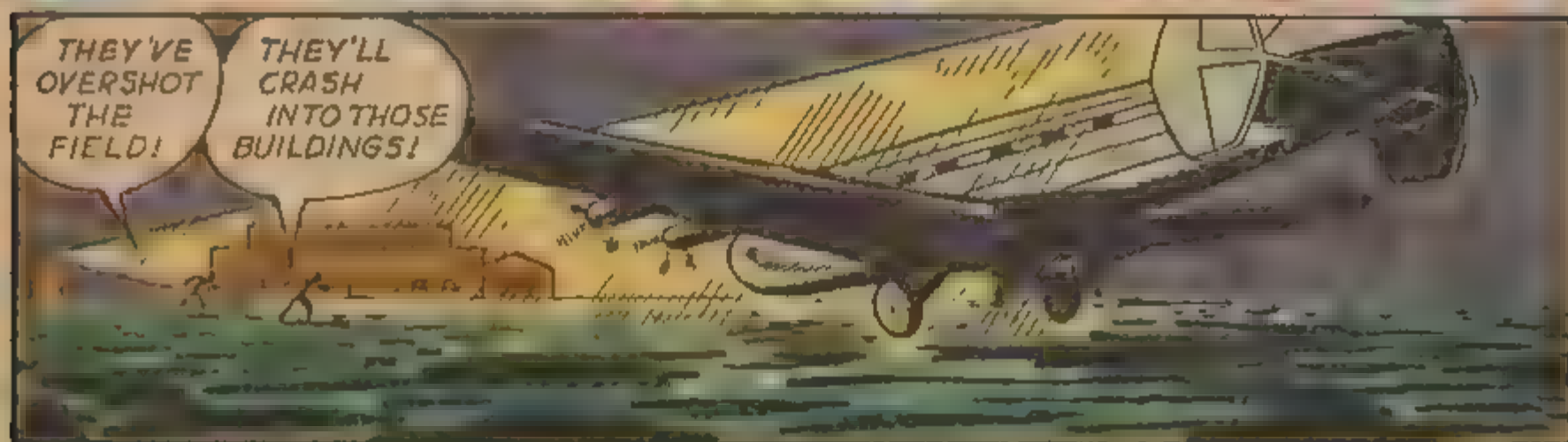
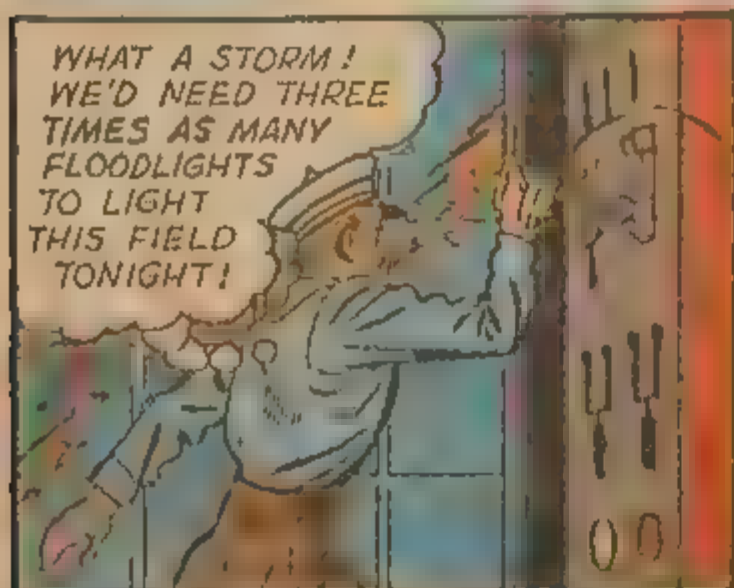
JUDY WING TO THE RESCUE

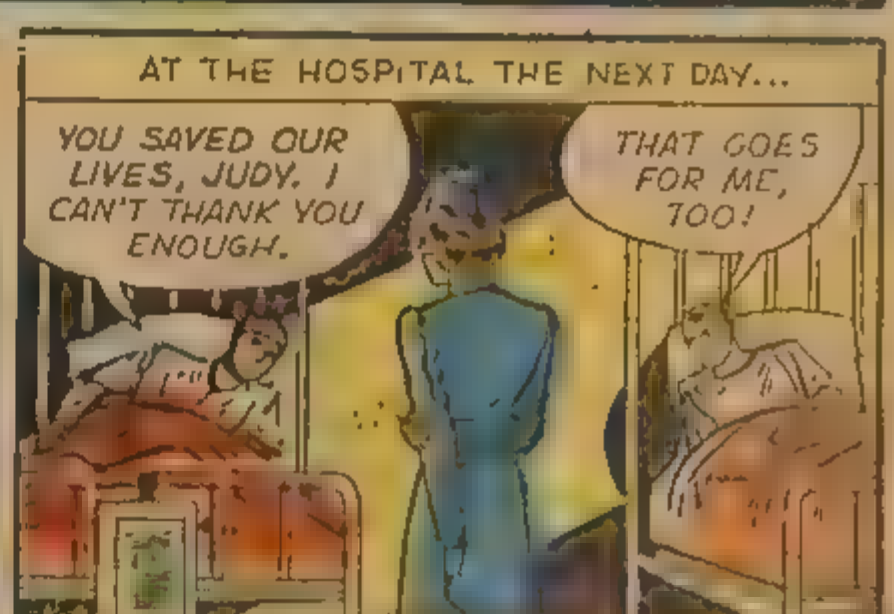
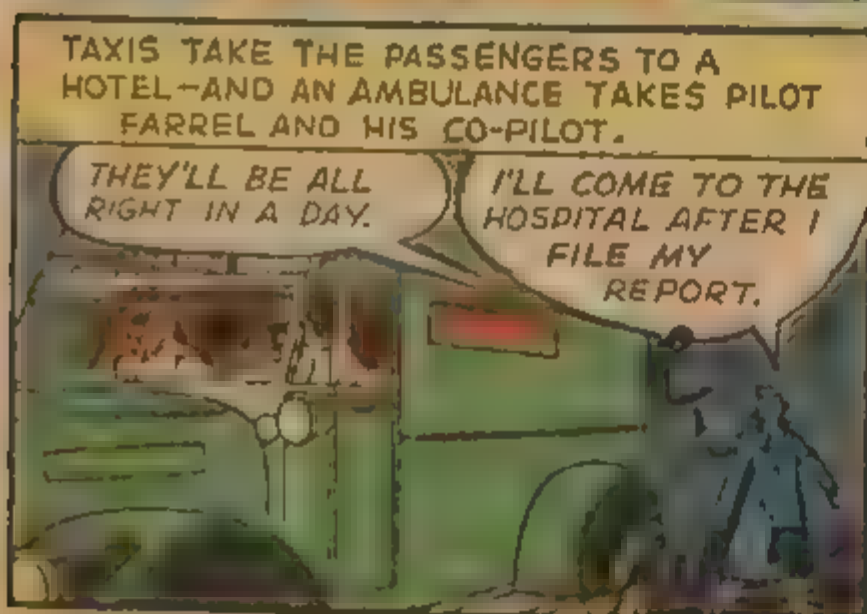
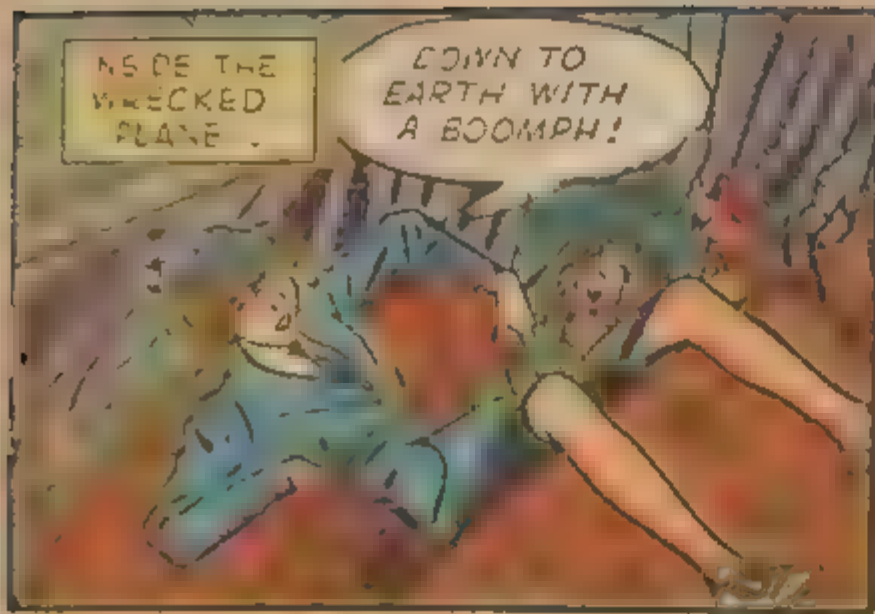
THE GENERAL
MANAGER'S
OFFICE...

JUDY WING, THIS IS
PAT FARREL, OUR NUMBER
ONE PILOT. PAT'S BEEN
ON A LEAVE OF
ABSENCE.











"A year from now, what will we wish we had done TODAY?"

—DONALD M. NELSON,
Chairman of the U. S. War Production Board

CAN YOU think a year ahead? It seems a long time to most of us, but in a world at war, we must all try to plan for the future. Let's consider the things we have today... our clothes, the family car, our bicycles and roller skates, in fact all of our possessions. Will we have them a year from now? Or will they have been worn out and thrown away?

Perhaps you say, as you have before, "Gracious, I hope I'll have new ones by a year from now!" Well, the chances are you won't. It's going to be very hard, often impossible, to replace things that were plentiful... B.W.W.T.W. That means "before we went to war," and "we" means YOU and I. Each of us, individually, is taking some part in our country's conflict in whatever way we can. That brings me back to Donald Nelson's question, "A year from now, what will we wish we had done today?" He meant, will we, as a nation, wish we had produced more defense materials, conserved more of our natural resources, carried the war aggressively to the enemy. And he also meant, will we wish we had taken care of what we now have and have prepared to get along with fewer new things.

Unless you take care of your bicycle or your roller skates, they will get rusty and worn. But the metal and rubber that used to go into such equipment will be going into war materials. Result... you'll have to get along with things that don't serve you well, or you won't have any. Tires on the family car have to last a long time... don't use them up on unnecessary trips. Walk when you can! Clothes can be made to last a careful girl many times longer than a careless one. Those are just examples. You can apply the same thinking to almost any of your possessions. It all adds up to just one idea... taking care of what we have today so that our things will continue to serve us tomorrow and next year is both good sense... and practical patriotism.

MARGARET E. JESSUP
Publisher

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is published monthly by
THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS
Division of The Parents' Institute, Inc.

Publication Office
4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Executive & Editorial Office
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

President
GEORGE J. HECHT

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